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THE RAYS OF THE MOON FELL UPON A HUGE GRAY WOLF, WHO WALKED ERECT LIKE A MAN!

RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON;

OR,

The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Heart of Fire," etc., etc.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN THE GLADE AND BY THE MOONLIGHT.
THE great, round moon looked down in a flood of silver light upon the virgin forest by the banks of the Scioto.
The tree-tops were green and silver; but, under the spreading branches, sable was the gloom.
The strange, odd noises of the night broke the forest stillness.
The free winds surged with a mournful sound through the branches of the wood.
A ring around the moon told the coming storm.
Dark masses of clouds dashed across the sky, ever and anon falling in the "mistress of the night," as though some unquiet spirit was envious of the pale moonbeams, and wished to cover with its mantle the earth, and cloak an evil deed.
A frightened deer came dashing through the aisles of the forest—a noble buck with branching horns that told of many a year spent under the greenwood tree.
Across a little open glade, whereon the moonbeams fell—kissing the earth as though they loved it—dashed the deer, and then, entering again the dark recesses of the forest, the brown coat of the wood-prince was lost in the inky gloom.

Then in the trail of the buck, guided by the noise of the rustling branches, came a dark form.
As the form stole, with noiseless tread across the moonlit glade, it displayed the person of an Indian warrior.
A red brave decked out in deer-skin garb, stained with the pigments of the earth in many colors, and fringed in fanciful fashion.
The warrior was a tall and muscular savage, one of Nature's noblemen. A son of the wilderness untrammelled by the taint of civilization.
Fast on the trail of the deer he followed, although the chase was almost hopeless.
Hardly had the warrior crossed the glade and entered the thicket, when, on his track—following him as he was following the deer—came another form through the forest.
A form that moved with noiseless steps. A form that cast behind it a shadow gigantic in its height.
The form did not pass across the glade, but skulked around it in the shadow, as though it feared the moonlight.
The warrior penetrated into the thicket beyond the glade, but a hundred yards or so. Then, satisfied that the deer was thoroughly alarmed and had sought safety in flight, the warrior began to retrace his steps.

The Shawnee brave dreamed not of the dark and fearful form—that seemed neither man nor beast—that lurked in his track.
He had hunted the deer, but little thought that he, too, in turn was hunted.
The red chief guessed not that the dread demon of his nation—the terrible foe who had left his red "totem" on the breast of many a stout Shawnee brave—was even now on his track, eager for that blood which was necessary to its existence.
With careless steps the warrior retraced his way.
From behind a tree-trunk came the terrible form. One single blow and a tomahawk crashed through the brain of the red-man.
With a groan the Shawnee chief sunk lifeless to the earth.
The dark form bent over him for a moment. Three rapid knife-strokes, and the mark of the destroyer was blazoned on the breast of the victim, reddened with blood.
Then through the aisles of the forest stole the dark form.
All living things—the insects of the earth—the birds of the night—shrunk from its path.
It crossed the glade full in the soft light of the moon.
The rays of the orb of night fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a

man! The face of the wolf was that of a human. In the paw of the beast glistened the tomahawk of the red-man, the edge now scarlet with the blood of the Shawnee chief.
For a moment the moon looked upon the huge and terrible figure, and then, as if struck with deadly fear at the awful sight, hid itself behind a dark cloud.
When it again came forth the strange and terrible being that wore the figure of a wolf and the face of a man, had disappeared, swallowed up in the gloom of the forest.
Once again the creatures of the night came forth. Again the shrill cries broke the stillness of the wood.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARK ON THE TREE.

Two rifle-cracks broke the stillness of the wilderness that stretched in one almost unbroken line from the Alleghany and Blue Ridge peaks to the Ohio river. The reports re-echoed over the broad expanse of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers, for the shots were fired near the junction of the two streams—fired so nearly at the same time that the two seemed almost like one report.

Then, before the smoke of the rifles had curled lazily upward in spiral rings on the air, came a crash in the tangled underbrush, and forth into a little open glade—the work of Nature's master hand—dashed a noble buck. The red stream bursting from a wound just behind the shoulder and staining crimson the glossy brown coat of the forest lord, told plainly that he was stricken unto death.

The buck gained the center of the glade, then his stride weakened; the dash, through the thicket was the last despairing effort of the poor brute to escape from the invisible foe whose death-dealing balls had pierced his side.

With a moan of pain, almost human in its expression, the buck fell upon his knees, then rolled over on his side, dead.

The brute had fallen near the trunk of a large oak tree—a tree distinguished from its neighbors by a blazon upon its side, whereon, in rude characters, some solitary hunter had cut his name.

Scarcely had the death-blast of the buck pierced the silence of the glen, when two men came dashing through the woods, each eager to be the first to secure the game.

One of the two was some twenty yards in advance of the other, and reached the body of the dead buck just as his rival emerged from the thicket.

Placing his foot upon the buck, and rifle in hand, he prepared to dispute the quarry with the second hunter, for both men—strangers to each other—had fired at the same deer.

The hunter who stood with his foot upon the buck, in an attitude of proud defiance, had reloaded his rifle as he ran, and was prepared to defend his right to the game to the bitter end.
In person, the hunter was a muscular, well-built man, standing some six feet in height. Not a clumsy, overgrown giant, hardly able to bear his own weight, but a man as supple and as active as a panther. He was clad in buck-skin hunting-shirt and leggings, made in the Indian fashion, but unlike that fashion in one respect, and that was that no gaudy ornaments decorated the garments. Upon the feet of the hunter were a pair of moccasins. A cap rudely fashioned from a piece of deer-skin and with the little flat tail of the animal as an ornament, completed the dress of the hunter.

The face of the man was singular to look upon. The features were large and clearly cut. The cold, gray eye, broad forehead, and massive, squarely-chiseled chin, told of dauntless courage and of an iron will. A terrible scar extended from the temple to the chin on the left side of the face.

The hunter was quite young—not over twenty-five, though deep lines of care were upon the face.

The second hunter, who came from the tangled thicket but paused on the edge of the little glen on beholding the threatening attitude of the hunter who stood with his foot on the deer, was a man who had probably seen forty years. He, too, like the other, was of powerful build, and his muscular frame gave promise of great strength.

He was dressed like the first, in the forest garb of deer-skin, but his dress was gayly fringed and ornamented.

In his hand he bore one of the long rifles so common to the frontier settler of that time, for our story is of the year 1780.

The clear blue eye of the second hunter took in the situation at a glance. He readily saw that the man who stood so defiantly by the deer was not disposed to yield his claim to the animal without a struggle. So the second hunter determined upon a parley.

"Hello, stranger! I reckon we're both arter the same critter," said the hunter who stood on the edge of the little glade.

"Yes; it 'pears so," replied the other, who stood by the deer.

There was something apparently in the voice of the last comer that impressed the first favorably, for he dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, though he still kept his foot upon the deer's carcass.

"Well, stranger, we can't both have the game. I think I hit him, an', of course, as it is but natural, you think so, too. So I reckon we'd better find out which one of us he belongs to; 'cause I don't want him if my ball didn't finish him, an', of course, you don't want him if he's mine by right," said the second hunter, approaching the other fearlessly.

"You're right, by hokey!" cried the other, yielding to the influence of the good-humored tone of the other.

"Let me introduce myself, stranger, 'cos

you seem to be a new-comer 'round hyer," said the old hunter. "My name's Daniel Boone; mayhap you've heard of me."

"Well, I reckon I have," exclaimed the other, in astonishment. "That's few men on the border but what have heard on you. I'm right glad to see you, kurnel."

"How may I call your name?" asked Boone, who had taken a fancy to the brassy stranger.

"That's my mark—my handle," said the stranger, pointing as he spoke to the name carved on the tree-trunk by which the deer had fallen; "that's me."

Boone cast his eye upon the tree.

ABE LARK
HIS MARK

Such was the inscription blazoned upon the trunk of the oak.

"You see, kurnel, the buck evidently thought that it was a ball from my rifle that ended him, 'cos he laid down to die right under my name," said the hunter, with a laugh.

"Abe Lark!" Boone read the inscription upon the tree aloud.

"Yes, that's me, kurnel; your'n to command," replied the hunter.

"Stranger in these parts?" questioned Boone.

"Yes," replied the other; "I've jest come down from the north. I camped hyer last night, an' this morning I jest put my mark onto the tree, so that folks might know that I was 'round."

"I'm right glad to meet you," and Boone shook hands warmly with the stranger hunter. "And, while you're in these parts, jest take up your quarters with me. I'm stopping down yonder, at Point Pleasant, on a visit to some folks of mine."

"Well, I don't mind, kurnel; I'll take your invitation in the same good spirit that you offer it," said Lark.

"Now for the deer; let's see who the animal belongs to," cried Boone, kneeling down by the carcass.

"Why, kurnel, I resign all claim. It ain't for me to dispute with Kurnel Boone!" exclaimed Lark.

"Resign your claim?" cried Boone, in astonishment. "Not by a jugfull. I'll wager my rifle ag'in' a pop-gun that you're as good a hand at a rifle as myself. It's just as likely to be your deer as mine."

Then the two carefully examined the carcass. They found the marks of the two bullets easily; both had struck the animal just behind the shoulder, but on opposite sides. It was difficult to determine which had inflicted the death-wound.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"S'pose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's squar," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees," cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smell gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, I'm glad that you've brought the news. We'll be able to prepare for the imps."

"You can depend upon it," said Lark; "a friend of mine has been right through the Shawnee country. They are coming down onto the settlements in greater force than was ever known before. They've been stirred up by the British on the border. I did hear say that the British Governor agrees to give so much apiece for white scalps to the red savages."

"The eternal villain!" cried Boone, indignantly.

"The Injuns are a-goin' to try to wipe out all the settlements on the Ohio. It will be a bloody time, while it lasts," said Lark, soberly.

"We'll have to face it," replied Boone.

"Did your friend hear what chief was goin' to lead the expedition ag'in' us on the south?"

"Yes; Ke-ne-ha-ha."

"The-man-that-walks," said Boone, tho'tfully. "He's one of the best warriors in all the Shawnee nation. Blood will run like water along our borders, I'm afraid."

"Yes, and the renegade, Simon Girty, is to guide the Injuns."

"If I had him within reach of my rifle once he'd never guide another Injun expedition ag'in' his own flesh and blood," said Boone, and his hand closed tightly around the rifle-barrel.

"I was jest on my way to the settlement at Point Pleasant when I started up the buck this morning," said Lark.

"Well, I'm right glad it happened as it did, 'cos I shouldn't have had the pleasure of meetin' you," said Boone. "Now, s'pose we swing the buck on a pole an' tote it in to the station. I reasonably expect that there'll be some white faces over yonder when they hear that Ke-ne-ha-ha an' his Shawnees, to say nothin' of Girty, are on the war-path."

"There ought to be good men enough



along the Ohio to whip any force that these red devils can bring," said Lark.

"Well, they're awfully scattered, but I reckon that now that we know what's goin' on, we can get men enough to give the Shawnees all the fighting that they want."

Then the two slung the buck on a pole and started to the station known as Point Pleasant.

CHAPTER II.

In the pleasant valley of the Scioto, near what is now the town of Chillicothe, stood the principal village of the great Shawnee nation—the Indian tribe that could bring ten thousand warriors into the field—deadly enemies of the pale-faced intruder.

All was bustle within the Indian village. To one used to the Indian customs, it would have been plain that the red-skins were preparing for the war-path.

The village was alive with warriors. Gayly-painted savages, decked with ocher and vermilion, strutted proudly up and down, eagerly waiting for the time to come when, like tigers, they could spring upon the pale-faces and redder their weapons with the blood of their hated foes.

Over the village ruled the great chief Ke-ne-ha-ha, or, "The-man-that-walks"—the greatest warrior in all the Shawnee nation—a chief wise in council, brave on the war-path, and wily as the red fox.

In the village of the red-men were two whose skins were white, though they were Indians at heart. The two were renegades from their country and their kin.

These two stood together by the river's bank, and idly watched the daring and howling warriors. They were dressed in the Indian fashion, and were sinewy, powerful men in build.

The taller of the two, whose hair and eyes were dark, was called Simon Girty. At one time he had been reputed to be one of the best scouts on the border, but, for some reason, he had forsaken the settlements and found a home with the fierce red-men of the forest-wild, giving up home, country, friends, everything. He had been adopted into the Indian tribe, and none of his red-skinned brothers seemed to bear as deadly a hatred to the whites as this renegade, Simon Girty. His companion was not quite so tall or as stoutly built. He was called David Kendrick, and was an adopted son of the Shawnees, as Girty was of the Wyandots.

"This is going to be a bloody business," said Girty, as he surveyed the yelling Indians, who were busy in the "scalp-dance."

"Yes, our chief, Ke-ne-ha-ha, has sworn to break the power of the whites along the Ohio. The braves are well provided with arms by the British Governor. Kentucky never saw such a force upon her border as this will be," replied the other.

"The more the better," said the renegade, Girty, moodily.

Then a howl of anguish rung through the Indian village. The braves stopped their sports to listen. They knew the signal well: it was the wail for the dead. It told that some Shawnee warrior had gone to the spirit-land.

The cry of anguish came from a party of braves entering the village from the south. In their midst they bore what seemed, to the eyes of the renegades, a human body.

The warriors deposited their burden before the door of the council-lodge.

Attracted by the death-note, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnees, came from his lodge.

The chief was a splendid specimen of a man. He stood nearly six feet in height, and was as straight as an arrow. He was quite light in hue for an Indian, and his features were intelligent and finely cut.

Astonishment flashed from his eyes as he gazed upon the face of the dead Indian, around whom, at a respectful distance, were grouped the Shawnee warriors.

The chief recognized the features of the brave known as Little Crow, a stout warrior, and reputed to be one of the best fighting men in all the Shawnee nation.

"Wah!" said the chief, in a tone that betrayed deep astonishment, "the soul of the Little Crow has gone to the spirit-land—he rests in Manitou's bosom. Let my braves speak—who has taken the life of the Shawnee warrior?"

"Let the chief open his ears and he shall hear," replied one of the braves, a tall, muscular warrior, known as Watega. "Little Crow went forth, last night, to hunt the deer in the woods of the Scioto. He was a great warrior; his arm was strong—his feet swift on the trail. He told his brothers that he would return before the spirit-lights (stars) died. He did not come. His brothers sought for him. By the banks of the Scioto they found him, but the hatchet of a foe had taken the life of the Little Crow."

Then the chief knelt by the side of the body and examined the wound in the head; the clotted blood marked the spot.

The head of the chief had been split open by a single blow, and that dealt by a giant's hand. The wound had apparently been made by a tomahawk, and, as the chief guessed, the dead man had been attacked suddenly, and from the rear.

"Did my warriors find no trail of the enemy who took the life of their brother?" asked the chief, still keeping his position by the body, and with a puzzled look upon his face.

"Wah! the Shawnee braves have eyes—they are not blind, like owls in the light."

When they found the Little Crow dead, they looked for the track of the foe. They found footprints by the body, but the trail came from nowhere and went nowhere.

"And the footprints—Indian or pale-face?"

"Pale-face, but the moccasins of the red-man," answered the brave.

The brow of the chief grew dark. A white foe so near the village of the Shawnee and so daring as to attack and kill one of the best warriors of the tribe, apparently without a struggle, must needs be looked after.

"My braves must hunt down the pale-face that wears the moccasin of the Indian and uses the tomahawk," said the chief, gravely.

Then Ke-ne-ha-ha drew aside the blanket that was wrapped around the body of the dead brave. A cry of horror broke from the lips of the great chief, and was echoed by the surrounding Indians when they gazed upon the naked breast of the dead warrior.

"The totem of the Wolf Demon!" exclaimed the chief.

The circle of friends gazed upon the mysterious mark in silent consternation. Their staring eyes and fear-stricken countenances showed plainly how deeply they were interested.

And what was the totem of the Wolf Demon?

On the naked breast of the brawny dead chief were three slashes, apparently made by a knife, thus:

And the blood, congealing on the skin, formed a Red Arrow.

It was the totem of the Wolf Demon—the invisible and fatal scourge of the great Shawnee nation. Thus he marked his victims.

The chief arose with a troubled look upon his hangly face.

"Let my people sing the death-song, for a brave warrior has gone to the spirit-land. Ke-ne-ha-ha will seek the counsel of the Great Medicine Man, so that he may learn how to fight the Wolf Demon, who has stricken unto death the great braves of the Shawnee nation, and put the totem of the Red Arrow upon their breast."

Sorrowfully the warriors obeyed the words of the chief, and soon the sound of lamentation wailed out loud on the air, which, but a moment before, had resounded with the glad shouts of triumph.

Slowly and with knitted brows, Ke-ne-ha-ha betook himself to the lodge of the old Indian who was the Great Medicine Man of the Shawnee tribe.

The death of one of the principal warriors of his tribe by the dreaded hand of the Wolf Demon, almost within the very precincts of his village, and at the very moment when he was preparing to set out on his expedition against the whites, seemed like an omen of evil. A dark cloud descended upon his soul, despite all his efforts to remove it.

The two renegades had joined the circle around the dead Indian, and had listened to the story of how he had met his death. Then, when the circle had broken up, they had slowly walked back again to their former position by the bank of the river.

A puzzled look was upon Girty's face. After they had resumed their former station, he spoke:

"Dave, the words of the chief are a mystery to me, though the Indians seem to understand them well enough. What did he mean when he spoke of the Wolf Demon? and what did that mark of a Red Arrow cut on the breast of the dead Indian mean?"

"Why, don't you know?" asked the other, in astonishment.

"No; you forget that, for the past six months, I have been at Upper Sandusky, with the Wyandots."

"Yes; and it is just about six months since the Wolf Demon first appeared."

"Explain," said Girty, unable to guess the mystery.

"I will. For the past six months some mysterious being has singled out the warriors of the Shawnee tribe for his victims. He always seems to take them by surprise; single warriors alone he attacks. And on the breast of those he kills he leaves, as his mark, three slashes with a knife forming a Red Arrow, like the one you saw on this fellow."

"But the name of the Wolf Demon?"

"I will explain. One Indian alone has lived to tell of an encounter with this mysterious slayer. He was only stunned, and recovered. He reported that he was attacked by a huge gray wolf with a man's head—the face, painted, black and white. The wolf stood on its hind legs like a man, but in height far out-topping any human."

He caught a glimpse of the monster as it struck him down with a tomahawk that the beast held in its paws. And that's the story of the Wolf Demon, who has killed some of the bravest warriors of the Shawnee nation."

"But what do you think it is?"

"I reckon it's the devil," said the renegade, solemnly.

CHAPTER III.

A TIMELY SHOT.

From one of the largest of the dwellings that composed the little frontier settlement of Point Pleasant came a young girl.

She was about sixteen, and was as pretty as one of the wild flowers that bloomed unseen amid the rocky ravines through which ran the tumultuous Kanawha.

Dark-brown hair rippled in wavy masses back from her olive-tinged brow, browned by exposure to the free winds of the wilderness and the sunbeams that danced so merrily over the surface of the rolling river.

The bright color in the cheeks of the girl, her free step, that possessed all the grace and lightness of the bounding fawn, told of perfect health, as also did the sparkling brown eyes and rose-red lips that seemed to hold such dewy sweetness in their graceful curves.

The maiden was known as Virginia Treveling. She was the daughter of General Lemuel Treveling, a man who had great experience as an Indian-fighter on the Western border, and who had settled down in Point Pleasant, and was reputed to be by far the wealthiest man in all the country around.

So, by virtue of her father's wealth, as well as by the aid of her own beauty, Virginia Treveling was the belle of the station known as Point Pleasant.

Her right to the title was not disputed, and few envied her, for Virginia was as good as she was beautiful.

Many of the young men of Point Pleasant and of the neighboring stations had sought to gain the favor of the winsome maid, but to all she said, nay!

The man to whom the fair girl would freely give her heart had not yet met her eye; but Virginia was young—scarcely old enough to be wooed and won.

The maid was clad in simple homespun garments, the work of her own hands, for she was a true American girl, a daughter of the frontier, and looked not with favor upon the gaudy trappings of fashion.

The little tin pall that she carried in her hand told her mission.

The great blackberries were shining in huge, purple clusters in the rocky passes that surrounded Point Pleasant, and, like the fortifications of the olden time, seemed to forbid approach.

With her light, graceful step, the girl passed through the village, and taking the trail that led to the south, along the bank of the stream, soon left the settlement behind.

There was little danger in this incursion into the deep woods, for the Indians were on the northern bank of the Ohio; and then, too, there had been peace between the settlements and their red neighbors for some time.

The girl followed the trail for about half a mile, then, turning abruptly to the east, entered a little defile, where the blackberries grew thick and rank.

Picking the berries as she went slowly along, she soon lost sight of the trail leading from the town.

The maiden had not been gone from the path many minutes when the hoof-stroke of a horse rung out with a dull "thud" on the still air of the forest.

A horseman was approaching from the south. A traveler, probably, from Virginia.

Then the horseman came into sight. He was a young man, dressed plainly in a homespun suit of blue. Upon his head he wore a broad-leaved felt hat, that shaded the sun from his eyes. A short German rifle, carrying a ball of forty to the pound, and richly ornamented on the stock with silver, was resting across his saddle in front of him.

A keen-edged hunting-knife, the blade some eighteen inches in length, was thrust through the leather belt that girded in his waist.

The face of the young horseman was a frank and honest one. The full, steel-blue eyes showed plainly both courage and firmness. The handsome, resolute mouth confirmed this.

In figure, the rider was about the medium size, but his well-built, sinewy form gave promise of great muscular power.

The rider was named Harvey Winthrop. A descendant was he of one of the staunch old Puritan fathers. And now he was seeking his fortune in the far Western wilds, for the fickle goddess had not smiled upon the young man.

A student at a foreign university, he had been hurriedly called home by the sickness of his father, his only parent. He arrived just in time to close that father's eyes. And when he came to settle up his parent's estate, instead of finding himself—as he had expected—the possessor of a goodly fortune, he discovered that some few hundred dollars was all in the world that he could call his own.

Young Harvey Winthrop, though, had the right stuff in his nature. Bidding his friends adieu, he set forth to make new ones, and to carve out for himself a fortune by the banks of the "Beautiful River"—the Ohio.

So it is that, on that pleasant summer's day, the young Bostonian found himself on the trail leading to Point Pleasant, and was fast approaching that station.

"The settlement can not be far off now," he said, musing to himself as he rode along, and, rising in his stirrups, he strove with his gaze to penetrate through the mazes of the almost trackless forest before him.

Then, to the astonished ears of the young man came a woman's scream, evidently given under great alarm.

The traveler checked his horse and snatched the rifle from the saddle.

Again on the still air rung out the scream, shrilly, coupled with a cry for help. The cry came from the ravine on the right.

In a second he leaped from the saddle, and, rifle in hand, plunged into the ravine. His horse—a well-trained beast—remained motionless on the spot where his rider had left him.

The young man dashed up the steep ascent at break-neck speed.

The noise made by his steps fell upon the ears of the woman who had uttered the scream. She knew that help was near.

A few steps more and the young man beheld a scene which nearly froze his blood with horror.

Fleeing down the ravine came a young girl—who, even in this moment of excitement, he noticed was beautiful, almost beyond expression; and behind her, in full pursuit, was a huge black bear.

The girl was Virginia Treveling. In her search for berries she had stumbled upon the bear, who was busily engaged feasting upon the luscious fruit.

But Bruin, in a twinkling, forsook the berries for the human.

Then, from the lips of the girl, came the shrill screams that had brought the traveler to her rescue.

The girl reached the young man.

"Keep on, miss," he cried, quickly; "fly for your life! I'll keep the brute at bay."

Small time was there for conversation, for the bear, at his lumbering trot, was coming rapidly onward.

"He will kill you!" cried the terrified girl.

"Yes, and you, too, if you don't run," said the young man, coolly. "One life is enough; so save yours."

"I will not go!" exclaimed the girl. "Give me your powder-flask and a bullet. After you fire, if you miss him, I can load."

The hunter threw a glance of admiration at the heroic maid who seemed so cool at this moment of danger; but he did as she requested. Then, as the bear came on, he leveled his rifle at the brute, and, sighting one of his eyes, fired. But the bear swerving in its course at the moment, the ball glanced across the bony head and shot off as if it had been but a boy's marble.

The bear paused for an instant, shook its head as if annoyed, then, with an angry growl, he came straight upon the young man.

Winthrop handed his rifle to the girl, and, drawing his knife, awaited the onset. His only hope of escape was to close in with the animal, and stab him in some vital part, before he could use the terrible claws and teeth.

The bear reared on its hind legs and prepared to seize the young man with open mouth.

Winthrop felt that the crisis had come.

The young man raised his knife to plunge it into the shaggy breast before him, while, with eager but trembling hands, the girl reloaded the rifle.

But the sharp crack of a rifle came quick on the air.

Winthrop heard the "hiss" of a bullet that whirled past, close to his ear. Then, with a grunt of agony, the bear fell over on its side, clawed the air wildly for a moment—growled in pain, and sunk into the silence of death.

The rifle-ball which had passed so near to the ear of the young man had entered the body of the bear between the forelegs and buried itself in the great red heart.

Winthrop could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld the grim king of the forest lying in death at his feet; when he saw the huge paws motionless that he had expected to feel tearing his own flesh.

He had been saved almost by a miracle.

A timely shot and a true one, for an inch either way would have missed the heart of the bear or killed the young hunter.

Winthrop felt that both he and the beautiful girl had been saved by the shot of the rifle, as yet, hidden friend.

The young man looked for his preserver. Judge of his astonishment when forth from the bushes that fringed the rocks, with a rifle in hand—a very forest queen—came a young girl!

(To be Continued.)

THE HEART OF FIRE.

MOTHER VS. DAUGHTER.

A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND."

CHAPTER XVII.

LURLIE IS PERPLEXED.

The future looked all bright to Lurlie Casper. She had won the old sailor. Wealth, social position all would be hers. Yet, in the brightness of the future, that opened so gloriously before her, was one little cloud, and in the center of that cloud was the handsome face of Bertrand Tasnor.

"Oh! if he were only dead!" she cried, while her brows knitted and her eyes flashed fire. "How did he escape from me last night? Can it be that there is a special providence watching over the life of such a cold-blooded villain as he is? No, it can not be. Why then was his life preserved? Is it that he may again come across my path; that he may make my life a living hell—my existence a torment and a mockery?"

Fiercely came the words from the full, red lips; and then, as if (unable to restrain herself, she sprang to her feet, and paced up and down the room, with the same chafed and restless motion that the caged tiger treads the narrow limits of its prison.

"Oh! how I hate that man!" she cried, pausing for a moment in her restless walk and glaring into the vacancy of the air before her, as though she beheld there the face of the man of whom she spoke.

"How I hate him that I once loved—loved as I never loved before, and I dare say will never love again. How the memory of the old time comes back to me! The passionate hours that passed so quickly away; hours of heavenly bliss that changed so soon to the torments of the region below. How often have I kissed those cruel lips—those lips that now I fear will work my ruin! But no, it shall not be!" She shut her teeth firmly together as she spoke, and the devilish glare came in her eyes.

"Once he has escaped me; the second time he shall not. If he crosses my line of life again let him look to himself, for I will not spare him. There is no power in this world that shall keep me from treading the path that I have marked out for myself. My future life shall be one wild dream of happiness—of triumph. When I am the wife of this old man, there is no woman in all this great city that shall eclipse me. I will lead them all. The poor, despised Lurlie—the daughter of 'Kankakee Joe,' the keeper of a low saloon—one of the worst of its class—will teach the wealthy wives of Chicago how to dress—how to be admired—to be envied. I know that I am beautiful!" and she paused before the glass and surveyed the handsome features reflected therein with pride, "that beauty will bring hundreds to my feet, willing slaves. Man is a fool generally where a woman is concerned. I will wind the poor, shallow idiots around my finger; break their hearts, crush their vanity, and then laugh at the triumph of my power." She smiled scornfully as she spoke. The picture was a pleasant one.

"Lurlie Casper, the poor girl, is passed by, unheeded, in the street; scarcely a glance of admiration does she receive; but, Lurlie Middough, the wife of the wealthy captain, clad in silk, will make more than one turn their heads and take the second look. To-day I am poor—I am nothing; to-morrow I shall be rich, then I shall be a saint. The man who wrote that 'charity covers a multitude of sins,' should have added that a golden mask covers all crimes. Dazzle the eyes of the world with the yellow, glittering dress and they are blind to aught else. Let me be but true to myself and the future will be one long dream of joy. No more foolish weakness! I know my powers; let me use them rightly. Who could guess that this soft, white bosom hides a heart of fire? That the evil passions of a fiend burn within? I care for nothing but myself, naught else; self and self alone."

The girl was right. The demon of self-interest swayed her whole nature. But one man in all the world knew her for what in truth she was, a tiger in the form of a woman and with the face of an angel. And that man was the only being that had ever made her shrink with fear; that had ever proven that she could be made to tremble. That man was the one that she hated so bitterly, Bertrand Tasnor, the ex-"road-agent."

"What can detain Rick so long?" muttered Lurlie, thoughtfully. "Will he be able to trace this man? I think so, for he is a shrewd little imp. I must not lose track of this villain if I can help it."

A low knock sounded on the door. "That must be the boy!" Lurlie cried, a gleam of joy on her face. "Come in," she said.

The door opened, and, as she had expected, Rick, the hunchback, entered. "Well, did you follow him?" cried Lurlie, impatiently, not waiting for the boy to speak.

"Yes, mum," Rick replied, with a cunning leer. "Where did he go to?" she asked, in breathless anxiety.

"Down to the Clark street dock." "And then?"

"He went on board of a propeller, the 'Lake Bird'; he's goin' up the lake in her to-night; so he told the man who was in the office."

"Where is he going?" "To Mackinaw. He said he had an interest in the lumber business up there. I heard him tell the feller so," and Rick grinned, as though proud of his watchfulness, as he spoke.

"To Mackinaw," said Lurlie, absently; "that is far off—"

"Yes, mum," said Rick, "way off up in the woods, somewhere."

"Can it be that he did not recognize me?" murmured Lurlie, to herself, in doubt, "or is he willing that I should go my way free? I can hardly believe that, for I know his nature too well. I am sure that he hates me fully as much as I do him. He must know that the blow that came so near his life last night came from me. Is he then a man to go quietly away without trying to return that blow? No, I know

him too well for that."

"Oh! if he were only dead!" she cried, while her brows knitted and her eyes flashed fire. "How did he escape from me last night? Can it be that there is a special

providence watching over the life of such a cold-blooded villain as he is? No, it can not be. Why then was his life preserved? Is it that he may again come across my path; that he may make my life a living hell—my existence a torment and a mockery?"

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him too well to believe that. What then can be the meaning of the movement which takes him far from me?" For a few moments Lurrie pondered over the difficult question in silence. Her earnest face and puzzled look showed plainly how deeply she was interested.

"Ah! I have it!" she muttered—still communing with herself—as a sudden thought flashed across her brain. "This is a trick—a trap wherein to catch me. He wishes to throw me off my guard. To make me believe either that he did not recognize me, or else, that, recognizing me, he does not care to measure his wits against mine. He must have discovered that the boy was following him and suspected that I set him on the watch. This must be the explanation of his conduct; it is the only reasonable one.

"Rick," she said, aloud, and turning to the boy, "did this stranger discover that you were following him?"

"No, mum," answered the boy, promptly.

"You are sure?" questioned Lurrie, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes, mum, worry sure," said Rick, without a bit of hesitation.

"But, he may have noticed you without your seeing him."

"Why, he never turned round."

"And you are sure that he did not suspect that you were following him?" said Lurrie, who was bewildered at the intelligence.

"Yes, mum," said the hunchback, decidedly. "He went right down to the dock—right straight from here; I followed 'way on ahead; so he couldn't see me if he had a turned round, but he didn't, nary time. Arter he inquired on the boat, I shied off home, 'cos I thought that I had found out all you wanted to know."

"Yes, that is all I wanted," said Lurrie, absently.

Rick watched her face, covertly, from beneath his beetling eyebrows. There was a cunning leer on his features, that possibly would have added to Lurrie's uneasiness had she noticed it. But she did not. She was trying, but vainly, to find a reason for the strange action on the part of Bertrand Tansor.

"When does the boat go?" said Lurrie, at length.

"To-night at seven o'clock. I see'd it on a bill, just over the bridge," said the boy.

"To-night, then, at seven, Rick, you go down to the dock and see if this man goes on the boat."

"Yes, mum."

"Then come back instantly and tell me."

"Yes, mum, I will," replied the boy.

"That is all then; you can go, Rick." Mechanically the words came from the lips of the girl. Her thoughts were far away. A dim sense of danger was hanging over her. She had a dark foreboding that the action of Bertrand menaced harm to her. That, like the tiger, he was only recoiling to make his spring more certain. But, how to guard against that danger she knew not. Her thoughts were groping in the dark, no ray of light shot across her bewildered brain.

With a noiseless step, Rick left the room. There was something of the snake about all the actions of the hunchback.

Once outside he closed the door carefully behind him. Then he donned up his dirty flat and shook it menacingly in the air. The direction indicated clearly that the menace was intended for Lurrie.

"You didn't give me nothing, neither," he whined, softly. "You think I'm a-going to watch the 'cap' for you and for nothing, too! Maybe, I'll watch you for him, my lady, the first thing you knows. You ain't a-going to have every thing your own way, not as I knows on."

Then, having apparently relieved his mind, Rick slunk down stairs.

Lurrie, after the departure of the hunchback, left alone with her own thoughts—which were a strange mingling of sweet and bitter—sat down by the window, and for a few moments drummed listlessly upon the window-pane.

"I can not understand," she murmured, reflectively. "Can it be that he is willing to leave me to follow my way through the world in peace? I can hardly believe it, and yet it looks like it. I shall know to-night when the boy returns. If he does leave Chicago in the 'Lake Bird,' it will be positive proof that he meditates no wrong to me, for, if he did, he would not leave the city. To-night I shall know, sure. Let me see: the captain—my future husband—and a tone of triumph swelled in her voice as she spoke—"I will be here for me at eight, so he said. The boat sails at seven. Rick, then, will have time to see whether this man departs in her or remains in Chicago. If he leaves the city then I may breathe freely, but if he remains," and she drew a long breath as she spoke, "why then I am in danger. I shall know to-night, though, and if it is to be war I must prepare to meet it. It will be strange, indeed, if my woman's wits are not a match for his—cool, desperate villain though he be. Time will show, however. Now I must prepare to leave this den of misery. To-morrow I shall shine in Michigan avenue, the honored wife of Captain Middough. The worm will become a butterfly. I must take care, though, that my wings are not singed by the fiery breath of Bertrand Tansor."

The day passed slowly away to Lurrie.

Eagerly and anxiously she watched the hands of the clock as they, at a snail's pace—so it seemed to her—crept lazily around the dial.

The hour of seven came at last.

Darkness began to veil in the busy streets of the great city. The lights slowly appeared in the windows, one by one.

If the previous hours had seemed long to Lurrie, the sixty minutes that intervened between seven and eight appeared to the restless spirit of the woman as long as all the rest put together.

"Which will come first?" she murmured, as impatiently she paced up and down the room.

"Will it be Rick or the captain? Will I receive the news that my enemy has gone or, that my marriage waits? Oh, will it ever come?"

Anxiously she watched the face of the clock. Slowly the hands marked the minutes. The loud ticking of the clock was answered by the pulsating throb of the fiery heart that beat within her breast—that heart which could melt with all the warm tenderness of woman's love or burn with all the fierce passion of a demon's hate.

At last the hands noted the hour of eight.

Lurrie's heart gave a great throb of joy when she looked at the dial and noted the time.

"A short hour and I shall commence my career of triumph. One little hour and I shall be the wife of Captain Middough; but—oh! why does not Rick come that I may know whether Bertrand has left Chicago or not? I can not breathe in peace if he remains. Even his presence in the city, though out of my sight, will cast a dark cloud over my life."

A vigorous knock rattled the door.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARRIAGE.

LURRIE'S heart beat high and the bright color flushed her wax-like cheeks.

She knew the knock full well. It was given by the brawny hand of the captain of the "Michigan."

"Come in," she said, softly, but she knew that the anxious ears of her sailor-lover would catch the words.

Middough entered the room.

As he came in the glare of the gaslight, his stalwart form clad in a complete suit of black broadcloth, his snowy-white hair and flowing beard strongly contrasted with the somber hue of his wedding-suit and the joyous light sparkling in his clear eyes, few would have guessed him to be over fifty years of age.

His honest face expanded in a glad smile as he looked upon Lurrie, who rose joyously to receive him.

The girl was clad in a simple white dress; a little knot of blue ribbon at the neck was the only ornament. The dress and colors became the blue eyes and golden hair of the girl. She looked as fresh, as young and as innocent as one of Raphael's Madonnas, straying from the painter's canvas.

The eyes of the old man glistened with pride as he looked upon the slight form and the girlish face before him.

He held out his hands; eagerly Lurrie ran to him.

He drew her to his broad breast and caressed the golden locks, tenderly; caressed her as if she had been his daughter instead of his promised wife.

Confidingly Lurrie nestled in his arms, and looked up into his face with the blue eyes that seemed so full of love and trust.

The old captain felt that he was supremely happy. No joy that the world could give him could much exceed the present one.

"I wish I were thirty years younger for your sake," he said, as he twined his fingers in the crisp, golden curls.

"Why so?" she asked, a look of simulated wonder appearing in the soft blue eyes.

"Because then I might be able to make you happier," he said, honestly. "I should be nearer your own age, and of course would be more suitable to you."

"I do not see how that can be," murmured Lurrie, softly, and giving him a short, quick glance with her blue eyes, that seemed to set his heart in a flame, although that heart had been chilled by the snows of many winters. But the snows, though they had whitened his locks thoroughly, had not so thoroughly chilled his heart. That still beat with passion's fires called into life by the bright eyes of the girl who reposed upon his breast.

"By Jove!" cried the captain, impulsively, "I believe that you will make me young again. Your love will renew my youth. I am an old man, Lurrie; but I have never loved any woman as I love you. Now I know truly what love is. Lurrie, I shall try to make you the happiest little woman in all Chicago. There will not be many things in this world that I shall not give you."

"Your love is all I want," said Lurrie, softly.

"That you have already!" cried the captain, in joy. His nature, though an honest one, was trained in a worldly school. Like many others he believed in buying woman's love, as if love could be bought, or, being bought, was worth the having.

"If I can't give you all the passionate tenderness of a young husband, I can give you all the care and attention of an old

one. I will be both husband and father—watch over you with a father's care, and love you with a husband's tenderness."

"Oh! I know I shall be so happy with you, for I feel that I love you so much!" she said. And then, as if impelled by a sudden thought, she threw her arms around the neck of the old captain and imprinted a warm kiss upon his lips.

Middough had never been so thrilled.

"The carriage is at the corner of the street," he said. "I thought it better to leave it there and not excite attention and remark by driving up before the door."

"Yes, it is better," Lurrie responded.

"I got the license, and called on the minister this afternoon; every thing, therefore, is ready for the ceremony. So as soon as you are ready, we'll go. I am anxious for my happiness. It will be a joyous minute for me, darling, when I call you wife."

"And that will be within an hour," Lurrie said, softly, and a burning blush overspread her cheeks.

"And then in this world we will never part till the dark angel calls me from you."

"I hope that will be many, many years hence," Lurrie added, earnestly.

Who could have guessed from her words or manner that she was not speaking the truth?

"Are you ready?" the captain asked.

"Yes, all but putting on my hat and cloak; they are in the closet. It will take me but a moment to put them on."

Lurrie, releasing herself, gently, from the arms of the old man, ran to the closet and got her things.

Tenderly and carefully the captain wrapped the dark cloak around her shapely little shoulders.

The cloak completely hid her white dress.

Middough again drew her to his arms and pressed a loving kiss upon her rosy lips.

A little knock came at the door.

Quick as the lightning's flash the thought came to Lurrie that it must be Rick. Here then was an end to her anxiety. She would know whether Bertrand had left Chicago or remained in the city. Whether the cloud—which she felt sure was hanging over her head—was about to burst and dart its lightning upon her now or in the future.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?" she asked.

"Certainly," said the captain, gallantly.

"I will be back in a moment." Then she glided from his arms, hastened to the door, opened it and left the room.

The captain watched her little figure until the closing door hid her from his sight.

"An angel, by Jove!" he cried, heartily. In the entry, as Lurrie had expected, she found Rick.

A shrewd grin came over the features of the hunchback as the girl approached him.

"Did you see him?" questioned Lurrie, anxiously.

"Yes, mum," the boy answered.

"And did he go in the boat?"

"Yes, mum."

"You are sure that you have made no mistake?"

"Yes, mum; I waited on the dock till I see'd him coming; then I followed him in the crowd on board the boat, and I see'd him buy his ticket at the office for Mackinaw. I heard him give his name, too, and in course you'll know by that whether I made any mistake."

"Yes, yes!" cried Lurrie, anxiously; "what name did he give?"

"Bertrand Tansor," replied the boy, promptly.

"Yes, that is right. You are sure that he did not leave the boat before she sailed?"

"No, 'cos I see'd him arter she cast off and put out into the stream."

"On board?"

"Yes, mum."

"You are a good boy, Rick—a good, faithful boy!" exclaimed Lurrie, her face showing her pleasure at the news. "Here's a dollar for you," and Lurrie took a note from her pocket-book and gave it to him.

"Thank you, mum; I'm very much obliged," said Rick, pocketing the bill, and a shrewd twinkle gleaming in his little eyes. "Is that all you want me to do?"

"Yes," replied Lurrie.

Then the boy took his way, slowly, down the stairs.

For a moment, Lurrie remained motionless, in deep thought. Her brow was now clear; no deep wrinkles furrowed its fair surface. The ugly lines at the corners of the eyes and mouth were gone. The face was that of a joyous girl of sixteen.

"At last my pathway is clear!" she cried, in exultation. "This terrible man has taken the baleful shadow of his form from me! Now I can become this old man's wife without fear. Even if Bertrand should discover me, after my marriage, I shall be too powerful for him. He will not dare to attack me. I shall have gold—gold that I can run as freely from my hands as though it was but water. The sunbeams will again light up my life. Perhaps, too, in the future, I may discover the treasure that I abandoned long years ago. Oh, how I have wept in the still night hours when I thought of my baby that a cruel fortune compelled me to leave to the cold mercies of the world. Heaven knows I have repented the step bitterly enough. It is a wonder that my face still retains its youth and freshness, for I have endured misery enough to have made an old woman of me. I mustn't give way to

such thoughts as these!" she cried, suddenly and with determination. "The future is bright enough; let me not think then of the past, that has been so dark and gloomy."

Then, with a bright step and a happy face, as if by the mere exercise of her will she could chase the black shadows from her heart, she returned to the room where she had left Captain Middough.

The old man had seated himself by the window, and was vainly endeavoring to subdue his impatience by gazing out upon the darkness that had dressed busy Chicago in an inky robe.

"I am all ready now," said Lurrie, taking up her little hat and fastening it upon her head; the little golden curls peeping out coquettishly from under the brim.

The old lover sprung to his feet with all the quickness of youth.

"Come, then," he said; "I am impatient for the time when I shall have the right to call you mine alone, and guard you forever afterward from the harm and bitterness of this world."

Arm in arm the two left the house.

At the corner of the street stood the hack that had brought the sailor.

Middough assisted Lurrie into the coach; then followed her.

"Drive to 823 Wabash avenue," he said to the coachman.

The man nodded assent, closed the coach-door, and mounting the box whipped up his horses.

The coach drove off.

Hardly had the coach started, when a dark, imp-like form, that had been lurking in a doorway near the corner, sprang forward into the street and followed the coach at a smart run. Rick—for the pursuer of the hack was the hunchback—soon overtook it, and, with a bound, leaped nimbly upon the rack behind.

"A ride free—gratis for nothing," he muttered, with a grin that stretched his mouth from ear to ear.

The coach, a half an hour afterward, drew up before the house in Wabash avenue.

The old man had explained to Lurrie that they were going to the house of the minister who presided over the church which he attended.

The two entered the house and the door closed behind them.

Rick quietly dismounted from his perch and approached the driver.

"Say, mister, kin you tell me who lives in here?" and he pointed to the house that the two had entered.

"In course I kin, sonny," said the driver. "Mr. Hatplain, the minister."

When Middough and Lurrie—now Mrs. Middough—came out and entered the hack, Rick slyly resumed his perch.

The hunchback watched as the two entered the sailor's mansion on Michigan avenue; and then, with a grin, departed.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

A Total Failure.

BY FRANK L. STALEY.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS ARLINGTON was a perfect fop. He wore the most fashionably-cut clothes, parted his hair in the middle, dyed his mustache, sported a cane and eyeglass, and "walked down Broadway" every afternoon, staring at the ladies with the most nonchalant air imaginable—in fact, he seemed the perfect embodiment of a "gentleman of leisure."

But, notwithstanding all these—apparently favorable—advantages, Charles Augustus was far from being at ease with himself and the world.

You see his finances were getting low—his pockets were literally empty.

True, he was employed in a retail-store "down-town," but his salary was small, and, consequently, merely served to feed and clothe him.

This would, no doubt, seem sufficient to meet his present wants, for it enabled him to dress well and move in respectable society. But the fact was, he had been so fortunate (he) as to win the heart of a fashionable belle living up on the avenue; and, while she possessed a little fortune of about one hundred thousand dollars, he possessed another little fortune of about—nothing!

"And now," Charles mentally soliloquized, "when I ask her parent's consent to our marriage, and when he asks me the amount of my worldly possessions—what the deuce am I going to say? Oh, that I had a rich old aunt or grandmother who would obligingly die and leave me all her money! Ho! I've got an idea! Why didn't I think of it before? I shall proceed to carry it out immediately," and, his head full of the idea that had so suddenly occurred to him, Charles started off down the street.

"It's fortunate I know how to swim!" he mentally exclaimed, as he walked along.

"I hope that old Broker will make his trip to Albany before long. As surely as he does, I shall obtain his daughter and her fortune, although I will not be able to give any thing in return but myself—my own worthy self!"

He hailed a passing car, and rode up one of the avenues. Reaching the point nearest the residence of Miss Broker, the wealthy heiress, he alighted, and was soon in the presence of that fascinating lady.

After some unimportant conversation, Charles ventured to inquire:

"Your father will make another trip up the Hudson before long, will he not, Miss Rosalie?"

"Oh, yes! he visits his brother at Albany twice a year, regularly. Why do you ask, if I may venture to inquire?"

"Because I intend to make a trip to Albany myself, in a few weeks, and was going to ask him and his lovely daughter to allow me the pleasure of accompanying them."

"Ah, but his 'lovely daughter' has to remain at home this time! She can not possibly accompany her father and Mr. Arlington on this trip."

Charles expressed his regrets, but this was, in reality, just what he had wanted to know—and he soon after took his departure, satisfied that his scheme was working magnificently!

A few weeks later, Mr. Broker and Charles Augustus were on the night-boat, bound for Albany.

The night was dark, and but few passengers were on deck.

Charles and his future father-in-law (?) were, however, the former standing near the upper cabin, the latter leaning over the railing of the vessel, gazing into the watery depths below.

This was the chance for which Charles had long been waiting. He glanced around to see if any one was observing him. Seemingly satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he silently walked over to the spot where Mr. Broker was standing.

Once more he glanced around. No one was in sight. The boat was just passing the Palisades, and the deep shadow thrown across the water thereby, rendered the darkness more intense.

Charles noticed all this; and then he stooped down, caught the wealthy Mr. Broker by the feet, and deliberately threw him into the river!

A single cry rose from the poor man's lips, and then he sunk under the water.

Charles suddenly sprang up, shouting, "Man overboard!" and then jumped into the water after the drowning Mr. Broker!

He could barely distinguish the head of the merchant as he came up, but that was sufficient. He swam with all his might toward the drowning man, and in another moment had reached him, and was supporting him above the water.

The boat stopped by this time, and the two were soon taken on board.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, they went to their rooms, put on dry clothes, and returned to the deck.

Mr. Broker almost overwhelmed the delighted Charles with thanks. His gratitude knew no bounds. He would do any thing in his power toward repaying the man who had saved his life.

"Now is my time!" was Charles' mental exclamation, and he was just on the point of asking the merchant for the hand of his daughter, when he was suddenly interrupted by the approach of one of the deck hands.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," he began; "but it seemed so strange as how it happened, that I thought I must ask you to explain it to me. I means just this: I saw you," pointing to Augustus, "stoop down and catch your partner, there, by the feet, and the next instant he fell overboard, and you jumped after him! What made you act so queer?"

The whole transaction was revealed to Mr. Broker in an instant. He turned to the trembling Charles, and his voice quivering with scorn, asked: "Did you throw me overboard, sir?"

"I—I—don't know—that is—poor Charles was ready to sink with shame and mortification.

"That is enough," was the stern reply. "Go; and never let me see you in my house again."

And poor Charles slunk away, all his hopes blasted at one cruel blow.

He is a bachelor to this day!

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- 22—The Blue Brotherhood; or, The Young Estroon's Inheritance. By Newton M. Curtis.
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- 25—Assawam, the Avenger; or, the Destroyer's Doom. By Francis Johnson.
- 26—The Texan Spy; or, The Prairie Guide. By Newton M. Curtis.

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A POWERFUL LOVE STORY,

By America's Talented Authoress!

MRS. M. V. VICTOR.

Author of "The Dead Letter," "Figure Eight," "Who Owned the Jewels," etc.,

Will be commenced in the next issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, (No. 36), viz.:

THE BROKEN BETROTHAL;

OR,

Maud Arnold's Trial.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

Characterized by the word "singular," this romance is a striking illustration of the power and beauty that are distinguishing traits of Mrs. Victor's writings. No living author can tell a better story, or tell it in a more thoroughly delightful manner, interesting old and young alike. This it is which has won for her the proud position she now occupies as

THE FIRST AMONG AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

In the BROKEN BETROTHAL the lady gives us a creation somewhat unlike anything else she has written. It is designed, apparently, to illustrate certain phases of our modern social life, which makes money a god and makes hearts a plaything. But it, too, most strikingly and powerfully throws into the foreground the strength and wealth there is in a true woman's love, which penetrates all disguises, and, rising above all circumstances, creates an atmosphere that makes all things sweeter for her presence.

Contributors and Correspondents.

"Will you be so kind as to tell me if it is true that chignons breed worms in the head?" writes an Indianapolis lady. Not having worn the hat of horses or dead women, or made a jute hay-mow of our head, we can not answer with certainty; but, reasoning from analogy, we should say that worms would flourish in the grease and warmth of the chignon; and, also, reasoning not from analogy but from our own conceptions of the fitness of things, we should say that the bigger the chignon the greater the fool who wears it. This may not be the most courteous mode of treatment of the hair-salon question; but, it is so agreeable for the ladies who dress to be noticed, to know that they are noticed, that we express ourselves to please them.

Can use OLD MAIDS; also, How is it?; GRUMBLERS; ORBITARIES; HUMAN HUMBUGS; CONDOMINIUMS. THE POOR FARM is not "just the thing."—Will use GUSTAV'S SIX, by same author, is an old acquaintance as to incident—a pretty girl marrying a foreigner who proves to be a burglar. That is the stock in trade of school-girls and should not be taken from them.—Sketch, SOLOMON SIX'S MISTAKE, not good enough. No stamps. MS. not preserved.—MSS. CLAUDE MORTON; THE CHASTENING ROD; THE LITTLE BOOTBLACK; MABEL GRANGER, not available, being both imperfect as compositions, and commonplace as to story.—Love sketch, HOW HE FOUND HER HEART, we return. It is quite lacking in that spirit of narrative requisite to interest.—Can use sketches FAIR BUT FALSE, and A DREAD MISTAKE.—Do not care to use GHOST OF THE MILL. MS. not preserved.—MS. A PROFITABLE TREE, we return—having an overstock of that class of matter.—A TRAPPER TRAPPED is returned for the same reason.—Ditto, PETE WAGSTAFF'S TALL TALK.—Ditto, THE ROBBERS' CAVE.—The poem, THOUGHTS ON REVISITING A GRAVE, is very tenderly told, and full of very sweet emotion; but is rather long. We return it, hoping to hear from the author again.

Will use HERC WALKER'S FIGHT WITH THE "RAZOR BACK."—Can not use NED AND I. It is crude. This MS. came to us underpaid in postage twenty-three cents, which the author will please remit.—Can not use contributions remitted by Dick Dickson.—We will try and find room for the poem, A FRIEND.—Can use CUPID AT THE RINK, and can not use HOW ONE WOMAN, etc.

EUGENE M., San Francisco, writes for information but sends no stamps for answer.—Miss Libbie A. incloses an unavailable MS. and asks for its return, remitting no stamps. When will authors learn to do business in a business way? We return no manuscript at our own expense; nor do we preserve any MSS. subject to future order. If contributors want their matter returned, again we say remit stamps with its first inclosure to us.

JANE G. S. asks: "Can you give me a good recipe for making corn pone?" No, but we can tell you how to cook beans—which is the next thing to corn, you know. Buy a bean; bathe it well; put it in twelve quarts of sawdust seasoned river water—if you haven't got a river buy one, as they are handy to have; boil it (the bean) six hours by an eight-day clock; take it (not the clock) out and wipe it thoroughly dry with a cambric linen towel—an old shirt won't answer; lay it (not the shirt) on its northeast side, about two degrees S. W.; bore a hole with a bit in each end, abstracting the "inwards" without injury to the cutaneous covering—the skin, you know; then stuff one end with soft-boiled rice, and the other end with rice boiled soft. Note: Zest—the end stuffed first, except in cases of extreme hemorrhage; then, proceed carefully to remove the shell, commencing on the south side, proceeding around to the east, but progressing so silently that the Vermont people won't be aroused; then, having stripped off the entire covering, sweeten with salt, and it will taste so much like rice that you could never dream it was a bean. Can't some of our friends in the Tennessee bottoms tell us how to make corn pone?

NONPAREIL wants to know the name of Mrs. M. V. Victor's Dime Novels. They are Alice Wilde (No. 4); Backwood's Bride (No. 10); Emerald Necklace (No. 14); Uncle Ezekiel (No. 16); Maum Guinea (No. 33); Humors of the Dancer (No. 40); Gold Hunters (No. 49); Myrtle, the Prairie Child (No. 54); Joe Davies' Client (No. 6); The Two Hunters (No. 81), etc., etc.—all of which are kept constantly in print, and are supplied singly or in sets. They are indeed cheap and good reading.

W. W. H. asks about WILD WESTERN SCENES. Such a volume was published some time since as a 12mo. book, but is now out of print, we think.

Mrs. G. T. GREENE asks us to name her baby for her—saying that her husband is an old public physician and has not time to name his offspring. Call her Belladonna Aconita Nux Vomica Greene.

MISS CLARA D. asks if it is proper for a young lady to correspond with a gentleman you do not know. If not only is it not proper but it is dangerous if you are an unsophisticated girl. Keep these anonymous correspondents at long rifle range.

Foolscap Papers.

Spain's Future King.

It may please my many friends and relations to learn that I have offered myself as a candidate for the vacant Spanish throne. It took me a good while to come to this conclusion, but considering how excessively fond I am of sitting down, and how hard it is to get me off from any chair, and that such a quality is necessary to the occupant of that seat, I allowed my extreme modesty to get the better of me, and immediately notified them of the pleasure it would give me and them to become their king; so all that now remains to be done is to receive their dispatch of acceptance, and I will start by the next steamer, having arranged all my affairs here, collected what little money was due me from a peanut-peddler, settled with all my creditors by giving them due-bills—having no other kind of bills—put the books I have borrowed during the last five years up at auction, and laid in a new pair of socks.

My wife has already begun to put on imperial graces by notifying all her friends moderately rich and poor, that she can no longer condescend to sit with them and run other people down. She won't sip any thing but wine now, nor wash the dishes; and has turned, and made over all her dresses, sewing trails on them, which I am constantly tripping over while we are practicing the art of receiving kings and ambassadors in the parlor, to the utter mystification of all the neighbors who crowd the windows and doors.

After mature deliberation she has decided not to take any of her American lady friends over with her to be maids of honor; a decision that meets my views exactly, for it would be better to pick our attendants only from the nobility. Don't you think so? I have hired a Spaniard, who was once a bull-baiter in Spain, to come every morning, after breakfast, and teach me the language; and I can read it in such a new and novel way that it even puzzles him, and he is a master of it.

The importance of our position can not be overestimated, for to bring Spain into any thing like good working order will require much soap and statesmanship; but this proclamation which I have written will have a soothing effect on the masses:

"People of Spain:—In taking this throne, which has been as sour (Isabella) grapes to many less favored heads than mine, I intend to put a couple of new legs to it, and have it newly upholstered. I shall straightway dispense with all banks; the money in them, and also in the hands of private citizens, must be placed in my hands, so you won't be annoyed with it. I will dispense with all ministers and cabinets, for I intend to run this machine by myself. The war in Cuba will be prosecuted and fined, although, before, I would have filled all those Spanish troops with dry powder and fired them off by platoons.

"I shall not recognize the existing governments of England or Prussia, and should my measures produce a war I hope and pray you may all die in defense of your king.

"It is the royal wish of my wife that the Spanish ladies take their fashions from her, and

that she be allowed the divine right of holding her nose as high and as long as she pleases, and have her own way as she has been accustomed to heretofore. Hoping you will love, serve, and be afraid of your unapproachable sovereign and master, and his wife, I am your obedient, humble servant."

My wife has gone down to Ball and Black's to price their best diamonds. She don't intend to buy them just now; and I told her to ask what gold shoe-buckles and diamond-headed canes are ranging at now. She will call at Stewart's and examine his stock, too, but I told her not to be too extravagant at the start.

I lost a good deal of time by not offering my services as king months ago, but I shall make it up when I get there.

My wife desires to make it an absolute despotism, as it will be the best, and she is a woman of great insight, and that's what we'll make it. I don't know how long it takes to receive an answer of acceptance to such an offer, but I am waiting, and am ready now to receive congratulations.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORNS.

GRUMBLERS.

It seems very wrong to despise any class of individuals, and yet grumblers are my detestation; they are ever so uncheerful and fault-finding. Bless you, it is never their fault at all if things don't go right; they are always laying the blame upon somebody else. There are young men in our very midst who sit down with arms folded and rail at fate. Pshaw! It's all stuff and nonsense; fate has nothing to do with it at all. Fate doesn't desire the acquaintance of such shiftless fellows.

"Well, but I have tried to get place after place, and have been unsuccessful in fifty applications," he will whine. Oh! how I hate a whiner! Well, why don't you try a few more? Perhaps you'll be fortunate with the fifty-first. I know—at least, a particular friend of mine knew—a person who had a relation, who was acquainted with a gentleman, who had an acquaintance, who knew of a friend who was refused by ten young ladies, but, bless you, he wasn't discouraged one mite, for he proposed to an eleventh, and was accepted! That's a true case, for you see I had it upon good authority.

If you are unfortunate, don't raise the death's head and cross-bones in your neighbors' faces. Do you suppose you can get any good by going into a corner and grumbling? Cheerfulness is always a sign of success. If you are a lawyer or a physician just starting in life, and are in want of a client, or a patient, don't sit in your office all day and whine because they don't come. Put on your hat, and let people see you rush through the streets as though you were bound on a matter of life and death. When you leave your office, put on the door, in a conspicuous place, "Out on very important business; back in fifteen minutes." I wouldn't be afraid to wager that you'd have persons waiting your return. If they notice that you are in demand, everybody will want you, and you'll make more money than if you had been grumbling away your time.

Do you suppose any of our great men would have achieved any thing if they had given way to the childish—for it is childish—habit of whining?

There are some human beings in this mundane sphere of ours who think editors ought to accept and pay for their articles, simply because their writers are poor. Their letters are full of doleful words, and accounts of "struggles, trials and poverty." Editors, as a general class, are noble-hearted men, but, my good friends, they can not consent to ruin their paper expressly for serving you, and can you blame them? I can't. If I were a man, instead of thinking of dying in the poor-house, I'd cast my eyes Washington-way, and say—"My poorer fellow than I has been President, and I can try as well as another."

I like people who have a great amount of try about them. They don't care if editors do find their manuscript "unavailable"; they'll keep endeavoring to do better, until, at last, they get a hearing.

I wonder if the so-called "sufferers from man's inhumanity to woman" will ever get their freedom (?) by whining. They'd better hear their lot cheerfully, and not snivel. I never felt inclined to snivel but once, and that was when the SATURDAY JOURNAL didn't come the night I expected it!

If you want to be successful, keep on trying, and bear your reverses cheerfully, but if you wish to be a miserable, uncared-for individual, go into a corner, and cry, and whine, and

Mumble, mumble, mumble; Grumble, grumble, grumble.

You may be sure you won't have the sympathy of
EVE LAWLESS.

FROST ON THE FLOWERS.

If the "melancholy days" have come, they are interspersed with some moments of glorious light; as the traveler through the dense and dark forest at times catches gleams of the clear heavens through a rift in the trees overhead, so is our walk through this autumn-time cheered, lit up by the occasional bursts of glory from the frowning sky. Dismal days, moaning winds, relentless frosts come and scatter the dead leaves around, and fill the hills and woods with the requiem of Nature for

Beauty dead; but ever and anon the summer sun struggles back to cheer and strengthen us for the hard race that is before us. There is in all this, oh friend of our heart, a living philosophy which should find its way to your soul, and teach it the hope and trust of the good. There is no darkness without its light—no "winter of discontent" without its rosy gleams—no night-time of unrest without its morning of peace. One of the lessons of the autumn-time is to teach us this quality of life-experience. The summer is gone; and, dying, has left the fullness of fatness with which to store our chests; then the destroyer visits all the beauty of field and wood, but only to perfect the work of the season and fit for regeneration and new life the seeds and fruits of the year; the storms prevail only to recuperate the energies of the elements; and winter's snows and cruel breath have all their kindly offices to perform in the great processes of nature. The thought of winter is painful, for its terrors are real, and no human power can stay their visitation; but, we may well believe if man was less cruel to his fellow,

was more a Christian and less a task-master, that the rigors of mid-winter would find few homes to rob of comfort, few hearts to wear away with despair. God "fitted earth for man," and if man had not become a petty tyrant, hoarding away a thousand times more than his bodily wants require, the discomforts of the cold would be easily borne and scarcely to be dreaded.

The Wood Prince.—A veritable Wood Prince was Simon Kenton—at once the Indian's foe and the White Man's friend. In Mr. Aiken's glowing story of the "Wolf Demon," the noble forester appears in all his splendor.

Our Biographical Sketches.

GARIBALDI.

The Illustrious Staten Island Candle-maker.

Born to greatness, and to greatness given, is the illustrious Garibaldi, now at the head of the French army, in a red shirt and baggy breeches. His candles were a great success, but the exile's tears so salted them that they sputtered badly, and the Italian organ-grinders refused to burn them; so Garry failed and fled to Italy to become its Liberator.

We have searched the records of Congress, George Francis Train's speeches, Miss Susan Anthony's love-letters and the columns of the Chicago *Illustrated* for data concerning the life of this, for the sixth time, illustrious enemy of kings, but have succeeded in obtaining only the following, which may be regarded as authority, as far as it goes:

Garibaldi, as he is called in Italy, though his real name is Jerry Baldi, was born in Hancock county, and emigrated at an early age to Rome (Georgia). He first attracted public attention as a keeper of a saloon in Rome, in company with his brother Tom. They got to be immensely popular in Rome, and, in fact, Tom and Jerry, became household words whenever the language of the tap-room was spoken, or folks invited up to drink. The beverage that bears their name has immortalized them.

Jerry Baldi has created a good deal of excitement in Rome of late, through his quarrels with the Pope family. He don't like anybody who bears the name. He even attempted to drive General Pope, military commander of Georgia, out of Rome. He was defeated in a stand-up fight, and attempting to retreat to Buzzard's Roost, was captured by Pope's corps of army correspondents assisted by the Freedman's Bureau. Tom Baldi still continues in Rome, hoping by close attention to business to merit a share of public patronage, and promising to maintain the well-earned reputation of the old firm of Tom and Jerry Baldi. He sells bald eye whisky for the most part.

Jerry Baldi speaks Italian fluently, having acquired it by liberally patronizing Italian fruit-stands. He is so much attached to Rome that he long had serious thoughts of taking the city. He made an offer for it, but it seems the offer wasn't large enough. The Pope, in his old age, having become both avaricious and obstinate, didn't take, so Jerry retired in disgust to a ten-acre stone-pile in the Mediterranean sea, where he ruminated with the rheumatism and various other rumors, until he heard that the infernal Dutch were going to have a regular siege of it in Paris. Then his old war-horse of Liberty snorted in his stall, and smelled Lager from afar; Jerry took down his hat—what was left of it after the Lazzaroni of Naples had "seen it"—girded on his sword, presented to him by the Communipaw Blass Band, and, with one wild shout,

"Avast, there, you lubbers!"

rode over the sea to Lyons, where the darling Cluseret was beating a big tin-pan for volunteers. Jerry leaped and so did his wife and children. He raised the cry:

"Death to Sauer Kraut!"

and rushed to the front, where he now is. If the rheumatism doesn't injure the new French constitution, and the old blunderbuss that he carries lashed to his back doesn't explode, we may expect to hear from him. *Vive Garibaldi!*

Boone, the Great Hunter.—How he pursued his first notable trail, is told in the strange, wild story of the wilderness, started in this number, from the enchanting pen of Albert W. Aiken.

COMFORT.

BY LUCIUS C. GREENWOOD.

Ah, sorrow reigns within thy heart;
Why should I bid thee smile?
I know thou couldst not find relief,
To wear a hollow smile.

Thy once clear voice that rung so sweet,
Has lost its pleasing tone;
And sighs and sighs are uttered now,
Oh, may these vanish soon!

I shall not sing a merry song,
To mock thy feelings, dear,
But, breathe some tender melody,
And weep with thee a tear.

And, if thy voice does feel to blend
Its mournful strain with mine,
Ah, comfort in it thou shalt find,
And comfort's sun shall shine.

And, as its soothing beams awake
A sense of joy anew,
Bright smiles will light, as does the sun,
The morning's rosy hue.

Be calm and dry the bitter tears,
And lean thee on my breast;
Then, all thy sorrows soon will fly,
And leave thy heart at rest.

City Life Sketches.

IDA SCOTT,

The Lady Clerk.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

MILTON SCOTT was a handsome, stylish man of the world, of forty. Possessed of great wealth, fascinating manners, and altogether a brilliant man, his many friends and admirers could not understand why he had never married. He admitted his fondness for women, but when bantered upon being a bachelor, while there were so many of his lady friends who were willing to make him happy—or miserable, as the case might be—by becoming Mrs. Scott, he would say, "Yes, but you know, I have lived such a wandering life for the past twenty years, that I would not make any woman happy. Besides, I never remain in any place three months at a time."

Strolling leisurely up Broadway one pleasant evening about six o'clock, with his friend, Fred Harrington, Milton Scott started, and, grasping Fred's arm, exclaimed, excitedly: "Look, Fred, what a beautiful woman; and, where, where have I seen that face before?"

Fred, startled by his friend's manner, glanced up and saw, coming out of the door of Arnold & Constable's magnificent establishment, a young girl of great beauty. Her face was crimson and her eyes downcast—for she had evidently heard Milton's remark and seen his ardent gaze.

"She is indeed beautiful; I wonder who she is?"

"Evidently one of the lady-clerks of the establishment, for though dressed neatly she is without doubt poor," returned Milton, with his eyes still bent on the receding figure.

"Let us follow her, Milton, and see where she lives; she is too pretty to lose."

"No, sir! we will continue our walk," and though astonished at his friend's abrupt refusal, Fred Harrington said nothing, and together they continued their stroll up Broadway.

Bidding his friend adieu, Milton Scott entered his magnificent palace on Madison avenue, and sat down in the gathering twilight to think.

"Where have I seen that face before? Oh! that I could remember!" but the hours went by, and no ray of memory would reward him by an answer to his question.

The next evening he again met the same young girl, and though she showed no signs of recognition, he felt that she had observed him.

Days went by, and as each evening he had met the object of now, his hourly thoughts, he determined to bow to her, and see if she would return it, for he saw no other way of making her acquaintance, and having become thoroughly interested in her, he was determined to know her.

So one evening he raised his hat with his most graceful bow, and was repaid by a haughty stare and a look that plainly said, "You are impudent, sir."

Feeling that he had insulted the young girl, his face grew red, and he hurried on. The following day, in a drizzling rain, Milton Scott was crossing Broadway, when an old gentleman springing from in front of a passing omnibus struck up against a woman, enveloped in a water-proof, and threw her to the ground. Dropping his umbrella, and cursing the man's awkwardness, Milton quickly raised the slight form from the ground, just in time to save her from being crushed beneath the feet of hurrying horses. Half supporting her across to Union Square, he called a hack, and placing her in it, said:

"I trust you are not hurt?"

"Almost paralyzed with fright, the occupant of the water-proof had not before looked at her preserver, but now raising her head she saw that she had been rescued by the man whose bow the day before she had resented as an insult. In a voice sweet and full of feeling, she said:

"You have saved me from a fearful death, sir; it is useless to say I am grateful."

"Madam, I am happy to have served you; pardon my rudeness of yesterday, and permit me to drive you home."

"I am not hurt, sir, but very muddy, so I will accept your kindness. I live in E— street, in a—tenement-house. No. —" and the fair face colored as the lips uttered the lowly abode.

Milton gave the order to the coachman and sprang into the carriage.

As the hack drew up at the humble lodging-house, Milton assisted the young girl to alight, and said:

"To-morrow will be Sunday; can I call to see if your accident has in any way injured you?"

"It would be unkind to refuse you after your kindness to me. You may come; my room is No. 10, sixth floor; good-evening." Milton re-entered the carriage and drove to his house.

The next day he called, and as he ascended the old creaking stairs and glanced at the poverty around him, he could not but wonder that one so young and beautiful as the woman whom he had saved, could live there.

At his knock at No. 10, sixth floor, the door was opened, and a smiling face greeted him.

"I did not expect you so soon; my old

nurse, with whom I live, has gone to church and has not yet returned."

Feeling happy at his kind reception, Milton sat down, and after a short conversation upon ordinary topics, he led his fair companion to speak of herself, and learned that she was a clerk in the house of Arnold & Constable, and since the death of her mother, five years before, she had lived in this wretched abode, with the woman who had nursed her infancy, and stood by her mother's deathbed.

"And now," she continued, "as you have seemed so interested in my botanical conversation, let me show you a likeness of my parents. My father I never saw; but I know this is like him."

One glance at the velvet-bound case, and Milton Scott sprang to his feet, tottered forward, and exclaimed:

"My God! I see all now! the look that has haunted me day and night. Yes, that is your mother; and the other is—myself. Child! I am your father!"

One glance into the face before her, and the young girl sprang into the arms outstretched to receive her, crying:

"Yes, I feel that you are—you are indeed my long-lost father!"

At length Milton Scott spoke:

"Child, I have a bitter story of my perils to tell you. Twenty years ago I married your mother secretly. She was poor and lived with her father near the place where I went to college. I loved her dearly, but I loved wealth more, I then thought, and that I might inherit my father's wealth, who would have cast me off had he known of my secret marriage, I wrote to my wife, one short year after we were married, and when you was but a little infant, that I was going abroad to live for some years."

"I received no word from her, and after the death of my father I returned to her native village to look her up and claim her as my wife. She had gone away; her father was dead, and no clue could I find of her whereabouts."

"At last I gave her up, and since then I have been a constant wanderer, and ah! how often would I not have given all my wealth to have found her. The first time I saw you, you reawakened the past, but I could not connect the link in my memory, that bound me to you. How well I remember the day when your angel mother went with me to an artist, and together we had this miniature painted. Now I have you, my child—we will never part. Forgive me, Ida, for all the suffering I caused your mother, and the days of toil you have had from my desertion."

Ida Scott raised her beautiful eyes to her father's, and said, gently:

"Yes, father, I forgive all."

Just then, the old nurse, Mrs. O'Dean, entered, and great was her astonishment to find the change that had come over her "Baby's"—as she called Ida—life.

Milton Scott drove his daughter to his paternal residence, and determined to make all reparation for his past folly, he made known to the world the blot upon his name. A marble shaft in Greenwood towers above the grave of Ida's mother, and engraved on it are the words, "To my angel wife, Ida Scott," thus after death she was recognized as such by the man whom she had so fondly loved.

A year has gone, and from a remark we once heard Fred Harrington make, we judge that he and Ida have exchanged vows of love, for he said, "I never thought Milton Scott old before, for you see me near the same age; but when I look forward to his being my father-in-law, I bow in reverence to his advanced years." Thus, all are happy in that abode of wealth, and Mrs. O'Dean, who is housekeeper, said to Ida, "Baby, I'd rather walk up and down these marble stairs all day, than ride up to our old attic in a 'helevator'."

Callie's Devotion.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

THE entrance of McClellan's army into West Virginia in 1861 was the signal for many mountaineers to openly declare their loyalty to the Union, and to offer their services, in any capacity, to the Federal forces.

Tidings of the advance of the stars and stripes spread like wildfire, and reached the ears of many a poor Unionist hidden in the mountain fastnesses. Then those "Swiss of America" left their caves and little huts among the peaks, and flocked down the mountains to gladden their poor eyes with the sight of the "boys in blue."

A sultry July evening was drawing to a close, when a young man, astride a black horse, halted before a cabin at the foot of a mountain. His clothes, evidently his best, were of common quality, and suited to the wants of the present day. But, his hat dated back near a century, and might have been worn by a veteran of the Revolution, for it was the old three-cornered *chapeau*. His features were strikingly handsome, and the dark hair which fell, inclined to curl, over his shoulders, gave him a feminine look.

A rifle, polished to the highest degree, lay across the saddle, and the butt of a "navy" peeped from beneath his vest.

In the door of the cabin stood a girl whose age could not have been more than seventeen. She was very plainly dressed, which made her beauty the more striking.

She smiled when the young horseman drew rein, and then bounded toward him.

"Which way, Edgar?" she cried, in a silvery voice, whose echoes lost themselves among the old, eternal hills. "Of course you are going to stop here. I've got something real sweet to tell you, and I know—" she suddenly paused, and the bloom faded from her cheeks, for her eyes rested upon the gun.

"What are you stopping for, Callie?"

"Because—Edgar, are you going?"

"Going where?"

"To the war!" she faltered.

"Yes, Callie—I am now on my way to join General McClellan. I am told that he wants scouts who know something about the country, and who better than I?"

"But, Edgar, he will get enough without you," and a tearful tear glistened on the cheek of the mountain girl.

"True," he said, knowing that very many mountaineers were flocking to the headquarters of the army. "But, I must fight for the flag for which my father bled in the sunny land of the Montezumas. I can not extinguish the fire of patriotism that burns in my bosom. I have determined to go to war, and even you, dear Callie, can not alter my determination. I have said farewell to the dear ones at home, and now farewell to you."

He sprang from the saddle and grasped the hands of the woman he dearly loved.

Then, for several minutes, they talked as only lovers would in such an hour, and after a fond embrace he remounted his horse.

"You will be true, Callie?" he said.

She smiled, for he had asked that anxious question full twenty times that evening.

"True!" she cried, "true as the magnetic needle to the pole."

"Then, a last farewell. If we never meet again, God protect you."

He touched the noble animal with the sharp spurs, and soon disappeared from her vision in the gathering gloom.

"Yes," he murmured, as he rode along under the light of the stars, "may God protect her while I am away. War, like the tide, ebbs and flows, and some day it will reach these old hills. This is not the conflict of a single year. Blood must flow like water before peace spreads her wings over our land again. I wonder if she will ever see her ring again?" and in the starlight he looked at a plain ring she had slipped over his finger a short time before.

"Perhaps, some one will find it encircling a cold finger after the battle; or pick it up beside a skeleton after the war! But, why think I thus? I will banish such thoughts. Spider!"

The horse pricked up his ears and darted forward like the wind.

Suddenly a flash almost blinded horse and rider, and a leaden pellet severed a long dark curl which touched the young Unionist's ear.

"What?" he cried, "bullets already?"

He did not draw rein, but sunk the spurs deeper into Spider's sides, and was soon out of the reach of another bullet.

"That was a narrow escape," he muttered.

"I wonder who could have fired the shot? Some one whose sympathies are with the South, I suppose. He missed me about the one-twentieth of an inch; but that is as good as a mile," they say. Faster, Spider; I ought to reach McClellan by dawn."

"By George! I missed him," exclaimed a man, stepping into the mountain-road, at the point where the flash of the gun had momentarily relieved the gloom.

"But, I will do better next time. I'll go home, get ready, and join McClellan, too. I'll scout with him, and nothing will be easier than to pop him over among the mountains or on the battlefield. After that the coast will be clear, and then I'll leave the service and marry Callie Bainbridge. Ed Overton, you've kissed the

prettiest girl in these hills for the last time, or my name is not Basil Rogers."

The speaker, whose age was not over twenty-two, turned into a gloomy side-path, and went whistling up the mountain.

The battle of Rich Mountain was over, and several mountaineers returned to their cabins, to assure their families that they had passed the ordeal of fire and blood unscathed.

But Edgar Overton came not, and with fearful heart Callie Bainbridge questioned the returned scouts.

"Did you see him after the battle?"

"Several had seen him in the midst of the carnage, fighting like a hero; but none had encountered him when the day was done."

Three days after the battle and victory, Basil Rogers crossed the threshold of the Bainbridge cabin. Callie rose and greeted him kindly, for he had fought at her lover's side.

"Basil," she asked, tremulously, "know you aught of Edgar?"

"Alas! Callie, I do," he answered, assuming a sorrowful tone, which drew the young girl closer to him, and drove the bloom from her cheeks. "He fought at my side till a ball sent him to the blood-stained earth."

She did not speak, but staggered backward, and with a piercing, agonizing shriek sunk to the floor in a swoon.

Basil Rogers smiled maliciously, as he gazed upon the beautiful girl, and his lips, so thin and sensual, parted to congratulate himself upon his triumph.

"So far, good!" he murmured, making no attempt to restore Callie to consciousness. "My plans are working admirably. She has no suspicion, I am sure. No one saw me shoot him in the heat of the battle, and I saw him lying stiff and cold upon the bloody field."

He finished and left the room. Presently he returned, followed by a tall woman, whose face wore an anxious look.

"Poor girl," he said, pointing to Callie, "she has not recovered. Margie, good woman, do you restore her, and to-morrow I will return and relate the particulars of Edgar's death."

Glancing at the beautiful lifeless form on the rude cabin floor, Basil Rogers strode from the room, while the woman knelt over her niece. Callie was motherless, and her father had joined the Union forces. The woman referred to above, was her aunt, who had lived with them since the day of her mother's departure to the spirit-world.

Slowly the young girl recovered from her deathlike swoon, and a raging fever, which threatened fatal results, threw her upon her homely couch.

The next day Basil Rogers entered the cabin, but Margie would not allow him to disturb the sick one with the bloody story of a battle-field.

He contented himself with gazing upon the sleeping girl, and then quickly took his departure.

"Time makes all things even," he murmured. "Time is a grand thing. It will make Callie Bainbridge the wife of the one who slew her lover."

A week later the mountain girl was able to listen to the murderer's narration, which had a conclusion far different from what she expected.

"He talked about you, Callie," said Basil, pretending to wipe a tear from eyes that never wept. "He would live only for you, he said; but the wound was mortal. At last the end approached, and he bade me take your ring from his finger. I obeyed and placed it in his hand. 'Tell her,' he said, and his voice faltered, 'tell her to love and wed the bearer of this ring, for my sake.'"

Basil Rogers scrutinized the girl's face, to note particularly the effect of his last sentence.

Her features could turn no paler than sickness had made them; but she quietly closed her eyes as though she would shut out the vision of the scene on Rich Mountain's ensanguined soil.

Poor girl! She knew nothing wicked about Basil Rogers. He had been her playmate in childhood's sunny hours—he and Edgar Overton. Often had they, child-like, quarreled about her smiles, and she would shame them.

"And pray them not to quarrel for her sake. And say she would be little wife to both."

She believed that Basil loved her—that the story of the battle-field was true, and she felt it her duty to obey the last command of her betrothed, and wed the playmate of her childhood.

The next day Basil Rogers pressed his suit, and she promised to become his bride when her health had returned.

The rival had triumphed, and the beautiful girl was almost in his power.

Days waned, and though rapidly recovering, Callie Bainbridge was still confined to her couch. Basil Rogers came often, for he had not rejoined the army. He was already

with the hope in his heart, his fine gray eyes luminous and passionate!

But that was all over now. She was never to be his, and though a keener pang than ever shot through her heart, she still believed her sacrifice of love to duty and her fine sense of honor, would, in due time, bring its reward of calmness, if not happiness.

Poor Coral! she did not know herself how she worshipped him; and so she watched him away, as he went down the street, so graceful in his manly bearing.

She never wondered at the munificent offer he had made her; she never had known, in all the luxuries of wealth that had surrounded her from her cradle, but that the stylish lady clerks in the Broadway establishments received just such remuneration.

So she sat there, and dreamed and dreamed; and on the morrow started forth to work for the man who loved her; the man she would not marry.

"Will you step into the private office a moment, Miss Clifford?" Mr. Arden wishes to see you a moment."

A cash-boy, who had been watching for her, met her at the door with the message.

She glanced through the spacious apartment, where, as yet, no customers had come; but the scores of salesmen and women, the dozens of bright-eyed cash-boys, filled her with a nervous dread that sent the proud blood to her face.

"Mr. Arden said, would you please come by this hall."

How she blessed his thoughtfulness, as she stepped into a side-passage that led to his office.

John Arden was sitting there, grave as ever, with no possible trace of the lover in his face.

"I have been thinking it over, Coral, and I decided the position I offered you was too public, and too trying for you. Consequently, since I am about employing two confidential lady clerks, whose work will be entirely confined to this office, between the hours of ten and three, I will give one of the stools to you; Miss Bellanger, from a distant city, will be your companion."

Tears of delight came rushing to her eyes; but, John Arden would not see them.

With his kindly, friendly, distant courtesy, he showed her what she was to do, then introduced her to Miss Bellanger, and sat down to read his morning paper.

Often, when neither ladies were aware, did he gaze on Coral's proud head; so graceful in its contour, with its modestly arranged hair of glimmering, dusky gold.

But, never a look, never a word, never an act escaped him; until, when a month had flown by, Coral began to think he never would care for her again.

It was very strange; why should she want a man to care for her that she never was to marry? And a sickening dread, a hopeless despair began to dawn over her, despite her oft-whispered prayers for strength and courage to do her duty.

And John Arden saw the paleness of her face, that was more beautiful than ever in its wistful sadness; he noted the sudden, painful flush that would relieve its whiteness if he addressed her abruptly; and then—well, we shall see.

The employees had all been paid and gone home, excepting Coral and her associate, and Mr. Arden was closely closeted with the strange gentleman who had asked for him when he first came down that morning.

Miss Bellanger had closed her ledger, and was adjusting her toilette in the tiny dressing-room, across the building; Coral sat alone on her high seat, her books pushed away, her head leaning on her hand, in an attitude of deepest dejection.

Voices—one of them John Arden's, but so changed she hardly would have known it—broke on her ear.

"There is no possible way of recovering it, then? It stuns me to think myself a ruined man."

"No way I see. I've been on the track this entire week, and I give up the job. You've lost every cent you have, Mr. Arden; you are a poor man, but don't be discouraged. You've plenty of friends who will lend a hand."

The voices died away, as Mr. Arden escorted the stranger—a detective Coral thought him—to the front entrance.

A sudden flood of speechless ecstasy rushed over her; her eyes grew wide and blissful as she took in the fact that her lover and she stood on equal grounds! Her head seemed swimming, and when she heard John Arden's returning footsteps she seemed almost to cease her breathing.

He came in a trifle slower than usual, but grave, handsome as ever.

"Mr. Arden!"

He turned quickly, for her voice was fraught with the burden of her heart.

"Oh, John, John, I know it all! Let me come to you now, and help you! I can, indeed I can! You'll not reject me, John, my darling John?"

Could any mortal man have rejected such a sweet petitioner? With those dewy eyes, the sweet, red lips, that were calling him her darling? Those clinging arms that were caressing his hands?

A glorious light leaped to his eyes, and he wound both his arms around her.

"This is worth a thousand-fold more than money! Coral, you really will be my wife? You are sure you don't pity me, my precious little one?"

A smile came to his lips and eyes, even amid the solemnity of the moment when he knew he had Coral at last.

"Indeed I do not pity you, John! but I love you; won't that do?"

He kissed the sweet, pleading mouth, just as they heard Miss Bellanger coming through the hall.

"It will be to-night, Coral? We have no time to lose in starting anew. I'll come after dinner, and we will be married."

His olden authority was in this request, and Coral felt how sweet it was to obey.

She stood in the elegant room that would soon go to strangers' hands; the room she had so dreaded to leave. But, now, the world never held such joy and brightness as the thought of going forth, anywhere, with her husband, John Arden.

They had been married the evening before, and Coral and John were standing in the parlors of the house that was no longer her home.

"Coral, you don't regret that you are my wife, for better or worse, forever and ever? Because I fear I have bad news for you!"

"Bad news! Oh, John, you are not ill, or going away from me? Nothing else in the world is bad news."

John smiled down into her pretty, love-lit face.

As a scout he did splendid service throughout the Rebellion, and is now a prominent citizen of one of the mountain districts of West Virginia.

Coral's Rich Lover.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"But you know how much I love you; why do you persist in this refusal, that is wounding your own heart as badly as my own?"

"Because I have fully decided never to marry you, Mr. Arden; and why should I offer you a hope I know never will be indulged?"

Coral Clifford was very tender, yet firm, as she gave this answer, and if her heart beat a trifle faster, and her cheeks flushed into a deeper scarlet bloom than usual, her low-spoken, decisive words dispelled the sweet illusion that was still holding John Arden, despite all her previous assertions that she never would marry him.

His face clouded over, and he stood gazing at her, his love plainly written in every lineament of his grand, grave face.

"Tell me this once, then: is it because you hate me?"

A quick, wistful glance from her blue eyes, that suddenly looked down again, answered him.

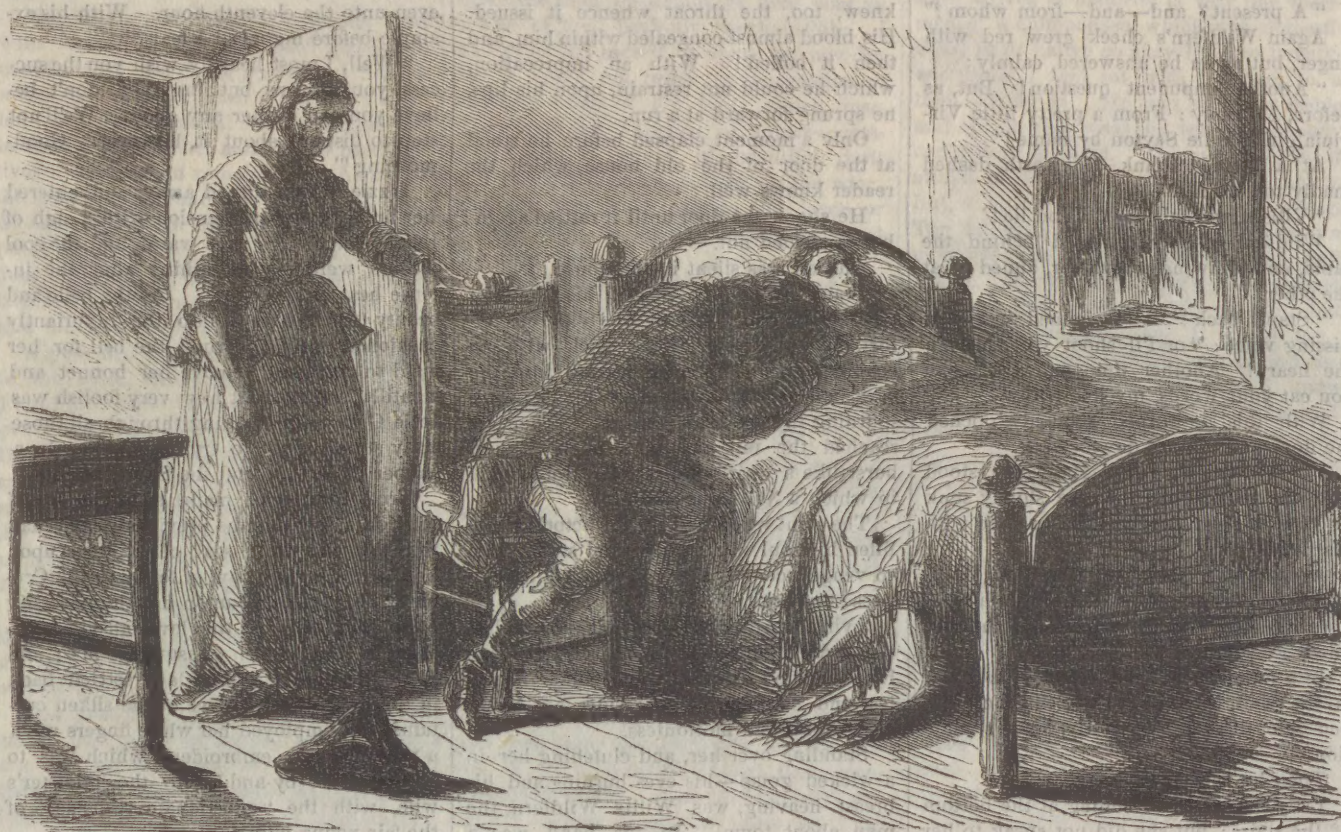
"Then you do love me, my obstinate darling! As if I didn't know it all the time! Then there remains, no reason why we shouldn't be married."

He spoke in the full flood of happy triumph that followed that glance from her eyes.

"Please don't speak so again. I do care for you, more than I ever will care for any one else. And yet, Mr. Arden, because you are so rich, and I so suddenly made poor; because I will never marry for a home; because I believe you only pity me, while you yourself think you love me—I thank you for your sympathy—I never could lay my hand in yours, and say, 'I will be your wife.'"

Her cheeks were flushing, partly from her enthusiasm, partly because her tender, loving heart ached so wearily, because she was doing what she believed her duty; giving up her best beloved.

As if it were ever any true woman's duty to deprive herself of the honest, earnest



CALLIE'S DEVOTION.



"Coral, my darling, I have been deceiving you—there, there—don't be so frightened. Let me tell you. I have gained an extra fortune, my wife, instead of losing what I had. Coral, little one, you will forgive the love that planned the ruse that has made me the happiest of men? I saw you would suffer and die rather than marry a rich man. I knew you loved me—don't blush, darling—and so I arranged that an old friend of mine should assist me. You heard him announce my ruin? Coral, my wife, by that little coup I have won you. You do not hate me, because I am as rich as ever?"

Coral lifted her tearful, happy face.

"I know it was love, now, my husband?"

"And for my wedding gift you'll take this house for yours?"

And so little Coral Clifford's love-romance began and never ended.

\$50,000 Reward:

THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.

A PHILADELPHIA HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINER," "UNDER HAIL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SETTLING A BILL.

THE carriage, in which Sadie was taken down to see the terrible sight which had unnerved her, drove rapidly away. Wildfern was seated with the driver, who was none other than our friend—rather acquaintance—Wild Tom, the negro.

They shaped their course toward Fairmount. Suddenly, when the carriage was descending the sharp hill at the further end of Coates street, a bright glare, away toward Laurel Hill Cemetery, flashed far up into the black sky. Then, in an instant all was darkness again—more inky than before.

A few seconds elapsed, and there came a long, rambling, deadened report, as the echo of distant thunder. Then all was still.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Wildfern, maliciously. "I had entirely forgotten our blue-coated friends, who have just now sprung the mine! Well—joy to them! But, Tom, things are getting too warm for us, despite the thermometer! The sun of day-after-tomorrow had better not shine on us in Philadelphia!"

Tom's answer to this was so low, and the rattle of the carriage wheels so loud, that it was not audible.

And then the vehicle disappeared.

We can not wonder at the effect produced upon Sadie Sayton by the sight revealed to her, through the curtainless window of the boarding-house on South Tenth street.

What she saw was this: Frank Hayworth—as we know him—was seated by a table, his head bowed down upon his breast. Standing partly above him, and grasping one of his hands in hers—the other laid tenderly upon his head—was Agnes Hope, the actress.

And they were in the full glare of the light!

But those who sat in the carriage had not heard the gentle, sympathizing words of Agnes as she smoothed back the actor's tangled hair, and said:

"Cheer up, my brother! My heart warms for you; and I will bless the day when Sadie's hand shall rest in yours. Cheer up, and be brave in hope! The sun still shines, though the clouds be dark and lowering!"

The dawn of the next day glowed over the world, and then the bright sun arose in glory.

Frank Hayworth was seated moodily in his room. Gloom was still upon his brow, and shadows were swarming around him, despite the brilliant splendor of the day.

He had searched in vain through the city for Sadie, but could learn nothing of one answering to her description.

Then the advertisement of the ring, then that of the sorrow-stricken father—"sick in mind and in body," flashed constantly over him, and he was in a fever of curiosity.

Truly his soul was "sorrow-laden." He had been endeavoring to study his part—a new role—for the evening's performance. But he had most signally failed to bring back the old fire; and now he had wearily cast aside the book, and sat, thinking darkly, and dreaming dreams almost beyond conception.

Suddenly there came a ring at the bell; and then steps were heard ascending the stairs. They paused at the actor's door. Then came a loud, decisive rap.

"Come in!" said Hayworth, turning around with some curiosity.

It was an odd hour for visitors.

The door was at once opened, and Willis Wildfern, attired in the "tip" of fashion, entered the room with an easy, independent swagger.

The actor arose to his feet—his face growing darker and his brow contracting. But Wildfern did not wait for the other to speak. He drew a small strip of paper from his pocket, and handed it toward the occupant of the room.

"Is that your writing, sir?" he asked, in an off-hand, business-like manner.

Frank Hayworth drew near and glanced over the paper.

street, in which had lived the widow Hope. The reader will remember that the note was directed to the owner of the property—Wildfern.

"Yes, sir; that is my writing," replied the actor, quietly. "Not knowing your address, and, for good reasons, thinking that you occasionally looked after your tenants, I took that, as the best method, to convey to you the information thereon scribbled."

There was just the slightest bit of elegant irony in this reply, and Willis Wildfern perceived it. But one glance at Frank Hayworth's face and figure satisfied Wildfern that he was a man not to be trifled with. He controlled the hot reply which was upon his lips, and said, sarcastically:

"Thank you for your information, sir, however conveyed; I have called for the rent."

"You shall have it at once. Please write a receipt," pointing to pen, ink and paper on the table, "while I count out the money. Miss Hope informed me of the amount," and Frank Hayworth drew from his pocket-book several notes.

Wildfern leisurely approached the table, and, with a languid air, wrote the required receipt. Then the actor handed him the money.

Some change was due, and Wildfern felt in his vest-pocket for it. As he drew out a handful of currency, a ring with a ruby setting fell from among the notes, and rolled on the table.

In an instant Frank Hayworth's eyes had flashed upon the ring, and striding forward, he reached down to grasp it.

But, Wildfern was too quick for him—for he greedily clutched the jewel and transferred it to his pocket.

"Where did you get that ring, Willis Wildfern?" asked the actor, in a low, stern voice.

Wildfern colored with anger and resentment, as he answered:

"An impudent and an unwarrantable question, sir! But, to satisfy your womanish curiosity, I will reply: That ring is a present—I value it highly."

"A present? and—from whom?"

Again Wildfern's cheek grew red with anger, but again he answered, calmly:

"Another impudent question! But, as before, I'll reply: From a pretty little Virginia girl—Sadie Sayton by name!"

At a bound, Frank Hayworth dashed madly toward him.

"Villain and falsifier! You lie!"

Wildfern quickly retreated behind the table, and drawing a revolver, aimed it at the other.

"Stand back!" he exclaimed, in a low, hissing voice: "or I'll shoot you through the heart! Another time, and I'll make you eat your words, my fine fellow!"

With this he turned suddenly, opened the door and hurried down stairs.

For a moment Frank Hayworth stood like one paralyzed; then he slowly sunk down in a chair and covered his face with his hands.

About four o'clock that afternoon, Willis Wildfern covertly entered the little alley—opening into Twelfth street—and hurried down Eleventh.

In a moment he had reached the gate in the wall, through which entrance was had into the yard of Lady Maud's mansion.

Then he was in the house.

Lady Maud was standing at the bottom of the stairs; but she did not speak to her visitor, and a smile—half of derision, half of defiance—curled her lip as she saw him.

Wildfern noted her manner, and he read its meaning. But he pretended to observe nothing.

"I have just dropped in, Lady Maud, to say that it will be late to-night before I can visit this girl—my wife to be. So don't look up; I'll come the back way. Be sure to have every thing ready for me."

"Do not doubt me, captain!" said the woman, in a deep voice.

Then Wildfern hurried away again from the house, by the way he had come.

And the Lady Maud, smiling grimly, as she paused there by the staircase.

"Yes—yes, Willis Wildfern! I'll prepare for you! I am preparing now! For my knife has a wondrous, keen edge upon it! And the other preparations are already made! Poor—poor girl, she must be saved from him; or she must die! By heavens! she shall not give the promise!"

With these strange words, the Lady Maud walked up stairs.

Then the dark night settled down.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A GLIMMER OF LIGHT.

As we have said in the last sentence of the preceding chapter, night had again gloomed over the city.

The day had passed away. How it had passed with some of our characters, we shall not say—we leave this to the reader's imagination.

But once again night had come, and with it duties which could not be postponed. Such was the case with Frank Hayworth, the actor. At the usual hour he bade Agnes good-by and hurried away toward Chestnut street.

Then the play was over. How Frank Hayworth got through his part, he himself did not know. But when the curtain was down he hurried away mechanically, as it were, toward his lodging on Tenth street.

At the usual hour he bade Agnes good-by and hurried away toward Chestnut street.

Not any great length of time passed before the actor stood again in his room—his head throbbing—his blood leaping wildly along the veins and arteries of his system—his soul still overshadowed with gloom.

He turned the light on. As he did so, he perceived a note lying on the table. With some surprise, he leaned over, and scrutinized the superscription.

He started; the note was directed to him, and the writing was one that he knew well. He opened the missive and read as follows:

"DEAR FRANK:

I felt lonesome to-night all alone, and having nothing to do to while away the time I have determined to pay a visit to the old house on Catherine street. I wish to get a few articles that I forgot to bring away with me. I write this that you may go to bed and not be uneasy about me, for it may be late before I return.

Your sister,

"Half-past nine o'clock. AGNES."

Frank Hayworth started, and his face grew dark; then he glanced at his watch. It was now after eleven.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed: "how imprudent! And all alone! This will not do; I will go for her at once. Poor thing! She does not know the risk she runs. But 'tis growing late—I must hurry. She may be in that old house and afraid to come home alone."

A few moments from that time Frank Hayworth, buttoning his overcoat around him, issued from his lodgings and strode down toward Catherine street. He walked briskly, for in addition to all his other troubles, this one of Agnes' absence was by no means the least. And she, all alone in that dark, shadow-haunted house this black night.

As the thought came over him afresh, he redoubled his pace and hurried on.

Catherine street was reached. He turned up, and hurried on. Suddenly, he paused as a long, piercing cry for help, rung out on the still air. And then another and another cry; and then the shrieks struggled forth in a gurgling sound. Then all was quiet.

Frank Hayworth knew that cry—he knew, too, the throat whence it issued. His blood almost congealed within him, and then it boiled! With an imprecation, which he could not restrain, upon his lips, he sprang forward at a run.

Only a moment elapsed before he stood at the door of the old house, which the reader knows well.

He shook the door until it rattled again; but it yielded not.

And all was silent in the house.

Frank Hayworth placed his shoulder against the panel, and at one vigorous effort, sent the door flying back with an echoing crash. Then he sprang into the dark hall, and in a moment his feet were spurning the creaking staircase. Then he reached the top, and in a moment, had burst like a whirlwind into the front room, in which a light was gleaming.

The sight which fell on the actor's vision filled his soul with horror, and strung him to vengeance. His bosom swelled, and his eyes shot fire.

Lying on the bed, her hair disheveled, her garments torn and in disarray, her face bloodless and deathlike, her hands nerveless and hanging by her side, lay Agnes Hope, limp and motionless.

Standing over her, and clutching her in a wicked grasp—his eyes burning and his breast heaving, was Willis Wildfern, the man about town. In his hand was a bloody knife, and the ruby gem was welling from Agnes Hope's forehead. But the incision was slight.

The scoundrel raised his head, and as Frank Hayworth rushed into the room, and in an instant he thrust his other hand in his bosom.

But, the actor heeded not the menacing gesture. Striding fearlessly into the room, he exclaimed in a deep, indignant voice:

"Villain! monster! And would you thus disgrace your own sister?"

Wildfern straightened up, staggered away, and flung his hands to his head.

His face paled, and his eyes seemed to start from their sockets. He clutched at a chair for support, and gasped out:

"What mean you—what say you, Frank Hayworth?"

"That Agnes Hope is your half-sister—that your father was hers—that she is your own flesh and blood!"

"My God! How know you this?"

"I have the proof—a marriage certificate"—was the reply.

Wildfern uttered no further word; but, with his face like a dead man's, he staggered away, reeled out of the room, and tottered down stairs.

The actor did not endeavor to prevent him; he stood to one side, and allowed the stricken man to pass unmolested.

Then the outside door closed with a sudden snap, and the actor heard Wildfern's hasty yet unsteady steps, dying away in the distance.

The actor turned toward the bed on which lay the girl.

Agnes had swooned; she had not heard a word of what had passed between the men.

Frank Hayworth suddenly paused as he saw the glitter of something bright and sparkling at his feet. He stooped and picked it up.

He started, and a cry of joy broke from him, as he saw that he held in his hand a ring with a ruby setting! In an instant he had placed it in his pocket. Then he approached the unconscious girl.

He succeeded readily in arousing her, and in ten minutes the two were on their way homeward.

They had not proceeded two squares, before, suddenly, the fire-bells rung out a wild startling alarm.

Then, a bright, up-reaching glow, flashed in the dark night.

The fire was in the direction of Eleventh and Locust streets.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

The Power of Kindness.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"LET her alone, Josephine! She is the worst child in the village! Bad from the very beginning!"

"But she is human, Lizzie; God has no unmarked sparrows."

"True; but there is very little of the sparrow about her, unless it be the sparrow hawk! Why, she uses the most profane language—it really chills my blood to hear her; and her temper is positively demonic! I declare, I don't see how any one can take an interest in her."

"Well, Lizzie, if she has all those faults of character and disposition, so much the more reason that she should be told of her errors. It is not the garden which contains only flowers that needs weeding, but that filled with noxious and useless plants. Who knows what wonders a little instruction, combined with wholesome discipline, may do for her?"

"I tell you it is simply impossible to regenerate the mind of Magdalene Steele. Why, her very name is suggestive of her nature!"

"Are you not a little prejudiced, my dear girl? Notwithstanding the hopeless state of the child, I will try. If I have that faith in Divine goodness which we both profess, I shall never neglect my duty under the plea that its performance will not result in success. Our Savior said to none there is no hope, but his promises of mercy were given to the chiefest of sinners even unto the eleventh hour. With his example before me, need I fear?"

"Well, I most heartily wish you the success you deserve, but frankly, I don't believe you can do her any good. We'll not stop to dispute about it, however. Good-morning!"

Lizzie Seldon turned away, and entered her father's elegant mansion with a sigh of relief—for the day was warm, and the cool parlors were very refreshing after the intense heat of the streets. As the belle and beauty threw herself into the luxuriously cushioned chair, and rung the bell for her maid to come and remove her bonnet and mantilla, she thought how very foolish was Josie Gray to be running through all those filthy streets, just to try and persuade a pauper child to attend the Sabbath-school!

True, Lizzie had made a profession of religion a few months previously, and had received the holy seal of baptism upon her brow, but her vow of fealty to the Crucified did not entail upon her the necessity of looking after all the low and vile children in the town! Assuredly not; and the well-satisfied young lady settled back in the delightful shadows of the silken curtains, and employed her white fingers upon a piece of rare embroidery, which was to be presented, by-and-by, to the minister's wife, with the "affectionate respects" of the fair young church-member.

Meanwhile, Josephine Gray pursued her way down mean alleys and through dirty courts, until at last she reached the locality which had been pointed out to her by a policeman as the residence of Magdalene Steele and her imberbe father. It was an old, shattered house, originally containing but two rooms, and now time had made such inroads that only one of the apartments was habitable. There were great cavities in the broken roof, which admitted alike the sunshine and the rain, and the entry door, where Josephine stood, was green with the mold of dampness.

Josephine's rap was answered by a child, evidently some nine or ten years of age, although she bore little resemblance to the human being. Her hair hung in tangled, elfin masses of blackness down over her brown neck and arms—her eyes gleamed wild and unsteady as the midnight flame of the ignis fatuus; half-dreading, half-defiant as she glanced up into the visitor's face; her figure was thin to mere attenuation, her skin brown and sallow, and her features wore a blended sternness and ferocity painful to behold. Her dress was coarse, ragged and filthy, and her feet bare and bleeding from the stones in the street.

Josephine spoke to her very kindly:

"Is this Magdalene Steele?"

The black eyes sparkled, and glowed with an expression difficult to define. The words explained it.

"How much would you give to know?"

"I wish to know very much, indeed, but I will give no money to Magdalene Steele when I find her. I want to do her good. Are you Magdalene?"

The child shook off the hand which the visitor had laid upon her head, and drew back of pallid face.

"If you didn't come to give me some money, what sent you here? I'm sure I don't want to see you! I don't like the looks of you; you make me think of my mother!"

Where is your mother? Why don't you wish to think of her?"

"She is dead and buried, I mustn't

think of her, father says, because she believed in religion and ministers. He and I hate both. There it's out!"

The girl seemed to feel instinctively that she had said something wrong, for she turned away her face, and a flush of crimson burnt her sickly cheek.

"You will let me come in, won't you? I want to talk with you," said Josephine.

The girl hesitated.

"I don't know about that. Father's drunk and there ain't no chairs; but if you want to come, I don't care!"

She threw open an inner door, and Josephine followed her into a meager room, which presented such a picture of wretched destitution as she had not thought existed in all the great and prosperous village of Wheatfield. On a miserable pallet in a corner, lay the father of Magdalene, a poor bloated sot, in a drunken sleep, with a bottle filled with the accursed poison still lying beside him.

There were neither chairs nor tables; a rude bench served the double purpose: and upon a rough shelf a few brown cups and plates leaned against the plastering. Josephine sat down on the bench and motioned Magdalene to a place beside her, but the child refused by a quick, impatient nod of her head, and remained standing before her with sullenly folded arms.

"Magdalene," said the lady, "I have come here to-day because I have heard a great deal of you; I have been told that you are very wicked—that you use very bad language and break God's holy Sabbath; is it so?"

"Of course it is. I don't know as you need to tell me of it."

"I am sorry to hear you speak thus, my child, but I am not angry. I came to do you good, and if you will let me, I will try to make your life a better one. I want you to give up your evil habits, and say no more cross and wicked words. I want you to be a good child, for good children are always happy. Do you understand me?"

"Yes; you want me to stop being ugly, and have a face as long as a chair-post, eh?"

"Not exactly—I desire your happiness, and to obtain this you must love everybody and—"

"I won't! I hate all the fine ladies in their silks and satins, that pass me by as if I was a dog. I hate 'em, I tell you!"

Josephine paid no attention to this frantic outburst of passion, but continued:

"I want you to learn—to go to school and learn to read good books, to write, and maybe, if you try hard, to draw beautiful pictures and sing sweet songs."

The right chord in the neglected child's being was touched. Her eyes dilated and grew moist with enthusiasm. Once in her wasted life, she had heard a great and good man, now, alas! no more, read a story about two little children who learned many strange and wonderful things from books, and who, when they grew up, astonished the world with the splendor of their discoveries. Thenceforth a holy reverence had dwelt in the heart of Magdalene for books and learning, and her great ambition—though unexpressed—was to be a scholar. Perhaps she did not thoroughly understand and realize this yearning, but with Josephine's words the light of revelation broke in upon her soul. She clasped her hands together impulsively, and her dark face grew soft and human-like, as she exclaimed:

"Oh! if I only could! If I only could!"

Josephine was delighted with this expression of interest—it was just what she desired; and drawing the now unresisting girl down beside her, she talked at length of the school, the teachers, the scholars, and the many things which were taught there. Magdalene listened, and grew much engaged in the prospect held up before her. Before Josephine left she had gained the promise of "the worst child in the village," that if she could have decent clothes she would attend church the ensuing Sabbath, and afterward the Sunday-school. And Josephine, after satisfying her upon this point, and conversing a little more with her upon sacred things, took her leave.

Promptly the next Sabbath, the little Magdalene sat in the free pew, dressed in the pretty frock and bonnet which Josephine had sent to her, and throughout the entire service she was quiet and attentive. She remained to the Sabbath-school, and manifested a strong, though somewhat sullen desire to learn. On the whole, she did much better than could have been expected from her unprepossessing exterior and the memory of her miserable life.

Miss Lizzie Seldon declared that Josephine had wrought a miracle in getting her to church at all—the little unkempt elf was enough to frighten one; for her part, she did not feel as if she had any business with such low creatures.

Well, time passed on, and Magdalene Steele was constant in her attendance at church and punctual in her class. Her lessons were always perfect, and her developing intelligence positively wonderful. She had learned to read with ease and fluency, and could form her letters intelligibly if not elegantly. She met with much opposition from her father, who despised all piety, and scoffed at the religion of Christ as a mere artifice of shallow hypocrites. But Magdalene bore all his taunts with gentleness, for she was taught that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Gradually, as the light of truth broke in

PROGNOSTICATIONS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

When Earth turns round and travels West,
And birds go flying through the sea,
When highest mountains shall be least,
Then all the girls shall married be.

When bricks get fagged and take to wings,
And fish talk Dutch that's very high,
When day is night and night is day,
Then all the fools on earth will die.

When millstones life-preservers are,
And widowers in truth shall moan,
Then all the liars can exclaim—
"Alas, our occupation's gone!"

When church yanes point four ways at once,
When deaf men hear and blind men see,
When money comes without much work,
Then all mankind shall honest be.

When girls grow young instead of old,
And crows turn gray, and one is two,
When eggs grow on a briar bush,
Then true love shall indeed be true.

When boys can raise a nice mustache,
And boils come only when desired,
When toads as senators can sit,
Then high-held heads will be admired.

When men in battle cease to run,
And fingers grow upon the nose,
When naval officers earn their pay,
Then those who toll shall win repose.

When Christmas comes three times a year,
And bitterness is drawn from honey,
When men pay more than what they owe,
I think that I'll have plenty of money.

The Young Slaver;

OR,

THE PRODIGAL'S FATE.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

EDGAR MELTON married a poor but intelligent Lowell factory girl, named Louisa Morton. Her attractions were such as might have been looked for in a young woman of her pure and noble nature. She had blue eyes, a snow-white skin, chestnut-colored hair, and a form full of grace and beauty.

Edgar's father—the head of a wealthy firm connected with an East India company—had strongly opposed the match.

The young man, however, who had been brought up to do pretty much as he pleased, had snapped his fingers at his parent, and gone straight to a minister with pretty Louisa, who had known nothing of his father's opposition.

Edgar had many noble traits of character; but unfortunately, he had been left by his careless parents to run rather "wild," so that he grew up with nothing to help him along in the world except a good education. This, as all scholars can testify, although an "excellent thing," is not a very good handle for the grinding out of greenbacks.

Old Melton altered his will on his son's marriage, bequeathing every penny to the church. He heard from various quarters that the young man and his wife were suffering even for the necessities of life, but with the exception of an anonymously-sent ten-dollar bill, he would not lift a hand to help them.

Finally, Edgar, whose rather nautical habits of boating and yachting had given him some knowledge of water, went as a foremast hand aboard a coasting schooner, where he earned a few dollars.

The schooner, however, being soon split in two on Plymouth Rock, Edgar was thrown out of employment.

Vainly he looked round for work aboard other vessels. All were full, and did not want a green hand.

In this dilemma, Edgar was walking about one evening near dusk, when he was accosted by a rough-looking fellow in a pea-jacket, who, entering into conversation with him, soon learned his troubles.

"Ay, ay, my young hearty," said he, laughing. "How fortunate! You're just the chap I want for second officer."

"But I am rather green in sea matters," said Edgar.

"Never you mind; I'll soon farn ye the ropes!"

"What kind of a vessel is yours?"

"At this the man looked steadily and mysteriously at the other, as if to see whether he could trust him.

Then he acknowledged that his vessel was not altogether what would be termed a lawful craft. She was a slaver!

"A slaver?" cried Edgar, aghast; but the man soon partially quieted his repugnance by naming the magnificent wages he would pay him.

The young husband thought of his wife and child.

"I will think over your proposal," said he, "if you give me a day or two."

A place of rendezvous was named for the second day, when they separated.

Edgar, early next morning, went straight to his father's counting-room.

The old gentleman was, as usual, at his desk, his spectacles on his pen bus.

One might have known, to look at him, that he would hold anger or a grudge a long time.

On hearing steps he turned, raising his spectacles from his eyes, to behold his son.

In a few words Edgar told his business. He had come, he said, to ask his father for some money, or even to procure him employment at some one of his many desks. If he refused, he (Edgar) would be obliged to accept an unlawful situation, which would render him liable to imprisonment, and perhaps to the gallows. It was for his father to choose for him honor or disgrace.

The inflexible old fellow surveyed the stalwart limbs of the young man.

"Why don't you go and dig?" he exclaimed, sharply. "The desks are all filled, and as to giving you money, that, you may make up your mind, is out of the question."

"Enough!" cried Edgar, haughtily.

"You compel me to turn to crime!" And he stalked out of the room.

On the next day he repaired to the rendezvous, and with two or three dashes of the pen made an agreement to ship with the slave captain.

The latter's vessel was at the West Indies—off one of the Bahamas.

Hither the two repaired, after the young man had bidden adieu to his wife. She received, a week later, thirty-five dollars in gold, sent from that place by her reckless husband.

The vessel sailed for the African coast. Edgar was soon disgusted with the crew and

with his brother-officers, all of whom were low, brutal fellows of the vilest stamp.

He would often sit by himself far aloft on the main-top-gallant yards, thinking of his innocent wife, who little dreamed of the sort of business he was engaged in, and of his little child, into whose earnest blue eyes he had not dared to look too long, lest his resolution should fall him.

The captain, Robert Mast, was a little the superior of his shipmates. There was about him an air of reckless daring and hardihood which pleased the fancy of Melton, much as he inwardly condemned his calling.

The African cargo was reached in due time. A cargo of miserable blacks were brought aboard and secured in the hold. Edgar was yet more disgusted, and often interfered to prevent the blows which the other officers would shower upon the naked backs of the poor slaves. Seeing some of them torn from their wives and children had been sufficiently heartrending to sicken him of his calling. He had actually fought with one of the officers in behalf of a poor fellow, whose old mother hung about his neck, screaming in such agony that the kind heart of the mate could not bear it. Owing to the latter's determination, this black was finally allowed to go free.

With her cargo, the slave schooner stood toward the West Indies. She had not proceeded far, when, late in the afternoon, a sail, proving to be a sloop-of-war in pursuit, was sighted astern.

The captain crowded all sail, but the sloop gained fast.

"She will overtake us!" said he, a desperate look in his eyes.

So saying, he went below. Soon after the sloop was within gun-shot. She drew yet nearer, until she might have poured a broadside into the slaver.

"Hark ye," said the captain, addressing all hands; "such of you as prefer capture to death, can have it. I have lighted a train to the powder magazine!"

There was a rush for the boats; but the explosion took place before the time the captain had anticipated; before a boat could be lowered.

There was a crash like a bursting volcano. The schooner went to fragments, and, with her unfortunate crew, was sent flying up into a red volume of flame and smoke.

The shrieks of the poor blacks had, at that dread moment, mingled with those of the whites, rising up and simultaneously piercing the skies, after which all was still!

THE YOUNG SLAYER.

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Camp-Fire Yarns.

The Knight of the Knife.

"Well," said John Lynch, rising upon one elbow and knocking the ashes from his well-blackened pipe upon his thumb-nail, and then glancing around upon the little group, "well, you may all say what you please, for or against it, and talk until doomsday, if that will do you any good. Thousands of stories have been told, both true and false; still I say, let a man lie as big as he may, about him, what he really did do throws all in the shade. But always remember that he had bitter cause for his hatred to all Americans, even if he was the prince of murderers, the king of cut-throats; the most deeply cursed greaser in the land of gold."

"But I will tell you of a little adventure that I had with him, through which I pulled just by the skin of my teeth, thanks to a fair stock of 'cheek,' and a good deal of hard lying. It was in March, '53, that my partner, Jim Dailey, and I started from Stockton for a claim we had entered on the Tuolumne river. On the second day a little before noon, we found that Dailey had left his knife to be easily replaced, he resolved to ride back after it. As I was not feeling very well, I dismounted, fastened my horse in a thicket and then laid down under a bush to await his return.

"This I did partly for the shade, but more because I did not care to be seen by any chance passer-by, as that section of the country was not considered the most safe imaginable, since Joaquin had chosen it as one of his favorite 'stamping grounds.' Well, I soon dropped off into a sound sleep that lasted for an hour or more, when I was suddenly awakened by the rattle of horses' hoofs upon the rocky trail.

"I lifted my head, and in a few moments I saw, through an opening in the bushes, two horsemen riding along in a slow trot. They were rough-looking fellows enough, but there was a free, devil-may-care expression about their features, hairy as they were, that proclaimed them to be brother miners. Still I did not care to be seen, for Jim and I were enough to manage our claim, and the strangers might want a hand in. So I lay still, and lucky for me that I did so.

The miners had not passed my covert a hundred yards, when a dozen rifle-balls

were sent into them, bringing both to the ground, while a crowd of rough-looking

devils rushed out, while some caught the animals, the others went to rifle the men. But before a hand could touch them, one of the strangers whipped out a revolver and with a curse, blazed one of the robbers full in the face. He dropped, and never kicked.

"Neither did the miner, for the rest fell upon him with knives and then all was over. The men were rifled, and to judge from the looks of the scoundrels, the haul was a pretty good one. One man, alone, I noticed, stood a little apart, and while this was going on, his keen black eyes roved restlessly over the country around. In form he was scarcely above the medium size, but of perfect proportions. His dark swarthy face, thin, pointed beard and rather high cheekbones, proclaimed the Mexican.

"I did not like the looks of my neighbors, nor did I particularly relish the idea of sharing the fate of the two unfortunate men, and so I commenced to 'crawl' toward my horse. Once upon my back, I knew that I could hold my own with any horse that ever wore hide; but that game was blocked.

"A horse suddenly came out a loud, clear whicker, and then came the answer from my horse. I gave a start, the thing was so unexpected, and I saw the robbers running for cover; all except one. That was the man I have described, and as I looked he leveled his rifle toward me and called out in good English:

"Come out, or I fire!"

"I had betrayed myself by the start, and knew that I had been seen! I did not hesitate long, for if I should make a break for my horse, there was the rifle-bullet to avoid, besides the chance of running against some of the other worthies; so I stepped out with as cool a face as I could put on, resolved to trust to luck.

The Mexican gave a sharp whistle and I could tell that the others were closing in around me, although I did not venture to look around, lest they should construe it as an evidence of fear. So, if the cold chills were running all over me, I gave no outward signs of such being the case, and as I reached the road I held out my hand with a hearty, 'How d'ye do?'

"My swarthy friend only leaned upon the muzzle of his rifle and stared me full in the face for a minute before asking who I was and what I was doing in the bushes.

"Well," said I, giving a significant nod toward the two dead miners, "I don't mind telling you the real truth, as I see you are the right sort. I was an 'honest digger' until I found that wouldn't pay—a dog's life for a

dog's wages—and so one night I got up in my sleep, scraped up all the dust I could find, and vamoosed, leaving four poor devils to cuss for their chink in the morning. Then I went to Stockton, and bucking against monte left me dead broke. So I started out on the road. I cached here, but did not care to tackle these two coves, when luckily you sniped them in."

"You can't do much at a lone hand in these parts," slowly said the Mexican.

"I know it, and my main reason for coming here, was the hope of falling in with Joaquin's band."

"Murietta's?"

"Yes; can you tell me where I would be apt to find them?" I replied, as if very anxious to meet the red-handed villain.

"Do you know him by sight?"

"It was just upon my tongue to say yes, for it was a 'big thing' to know the noted outlaw, but there was something in his tone that made me change it into no."

"Well, I am JOAQUIN MURIETA; what do you think of me?"

"I stood as if petrified, and stared at the man with mouth and eyes wide open. Was it possible that this small, gentlemanly-looking person was the far-famed and dreaded Marauder of the Mines? The man who was commonly painted as a giant in height and strength, with eyes of fire and visage like an enraged grizzly bear? This man who spoke so soft and low, and looked so innocent? This, and probably much more, my looks no doubt expressed, for he smiled and bowed as if hugely pleased at my wonder. Then he spoke again, and his voice sounded clear and metallic:

"You speak well, and no doubt are what you say; but we must have proof. Now listen, and if you perform the task well I will take you, as I like your looks anyway. Listen: we will cache here, and the first man that comes along you will halt, rifle and then shoot him. Do you understand? If you fail or falter, by all the saints! a dozen bullets shall serve you as we did those men yonder! Now take your choice!"

"Well, boys, as you see, I was not in a very pleasant fix. Either I must kill some poor devil, or else get the dose myself; and I could see from the Mexican's eye that he meant just what he said, and that his men would be in no wise backward. All this ran through my brain-pan like mud in a sluiceway, and as I feared to hesitate, I consented to do as he said, trusting to slip out of the scrape in some way.

Joaquin gave some orders to his men, who rolled the dead miners over the bank into the river, where the swift current swept them away. Then the blood-stains were carefully covered up, after which we all hunkered down in the bushes, Marieta keeping close to my elbow.

"My thoughts were busy enough, but, to save me, I could hit upon no plan that I thought would work. Of course I did not intend to shoot the unlucky wight that might fall to my lot, but how else to get out of it I did not know. And thus time went on, until nearly night when we heard the clatter of horses' hoofs coming along the road at full speed. But it slackened up as it drew near our ambush, and glancing out, I saw that it was my partner, Jim Dailey, who had returned from the search for his knife."

"Joaquin gave me a nudge, and I sprang into the open with drawn revolver, and yelled out for him to halt, at the same time winking worse than an owl in the daylight. Dailey jerked out his pistol, but I leveled mine, and cried out:

"For your life don't raise that—if you do, you're a dead man!"

"He saw that there was something up, more than a joke, as I intended he should, and lowered his hand, crying for me not to shoot. I snatched the pistol from his hand, and ordered him to dismount